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THE KING AND QUEEN IN SCOTLAND: THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING, SEPTEMBER 11.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SCOTLAND.

The King and Queen arrived on the ground at a quarter to four, passing through a double line of Farquharson, Duff, Deeside, and Balmoral Highlanders.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The egg-dancing of the Boer Generals is still the delight of Europe. They gave a performance for Mr. Chamberlain, who expressed, in suitable terms, his astonishment at their skill and daring. The peace of Vereeniging they had no wish to disturb; but the terms were forced upon them by the hard logic of war. As British subjects, they petitioned for a totally different set of terms, which should wipe out the painful memories of Vereeniging. Every Boer widow was to receive a pension; every official under the old Republics was to be reinstated or compensated for disturbance; all the expenditure of the Boers during the war was to be made good; every foreign interloper who had fought on their side was to be recognised as a burgher, and suitably recompensed for his public spirit. Such modest proposals were welcomed by Pan-Germans, and other professors of Boeritis, as "unquestionably just," on the principle that whenever Great Britain is attacked, and the attack fails, the aggressors must be pensioned and pampered into the belief that they were not beaten after all. This, of course, was not the motive of the three Generals. They merely wanted to show Mr. Chamberlain how they could dance without smashing either the Vereeniging egg, or any of the beautiful eggs laid at the Hague.

There are the eggs of Mr. Reitz, for example. Mr. Reitz, who signed the peace terms and acknowledged the sovereignty of King Edward, is again upon the war-path. At the conference with Mr. Chamberlain, General Botha for the moment dropped Mr. Reitz. But no eggs were broken. Back in Holland, the Generals resume their confabulation with all the irreconcilables. They deny that they are at variance with Mr. Kruger, or even with Dr. Leyds. America will shortly be strewn with the eggs of Mr. Reitz, and, should the Generals visit that country, they will have to dance with still greater adroitness. They will not fulminate against England, nor will they disown the fulminators who are raising money. It is remarkable that they never mention the British pledge to advance loans on easy terms (free of interest for two years) for the restocking of Boer farms. Our gift of three millions is a miserable trifle which they view with pained surprise. To lend money with the expectation of getting it back again some day from the Boers is an act so usurious and stingy that the Generals would rather not speak of it. Some of their excitable partisans in this country assure us that they "regard the cant of generosity with the contempt it deserves." Their theory of war is that the vanquished should fare rather better than the victor; for them, justice means the satisfaction of so quaint a whim as the compensation of the old Transvaal officials—Mr. Reitz, for instance, who, as Sir Henry de Villiers said, treated the upshot of Mr. Kruger's policy as "a huge joke."

It is a Dutch habit, I fancy, to credit us with extreme simplicity of character. We are a mixture of black perfidy and childlike credulity. See how the Boer prisoners at St. Helena are beguiling us. I learn from the *Rotterdam Courant* that the young Boers pretend to take the oath of allegiance by substituting for the name of the King a word in the Taal which has a similar sound but a different meaning. This is done with impunity because the official who administers the oath is ignorant of the Boer tongue. The *Courant* is probably as well informed as the Afrikander who asserts that a British officer stole the Communion-plate from a church at Winberg, and presented it to King Edward. But the point to be noted is that the *Courant* exults in the supposed deception. Of course the great stupid British ogre is easily taken in. Little Jack the Giant-Killer, you remember, made-believe to eat a vast quantity of hasty pudding, but really popped it into a bladder which he slit open with his knife. He dared the giant Blunderbore to follow this heroic example, and the foolish giant cut himself open and made a grotesque end. It seems to be a fixed idea in the Dutch mind that we shall imitate the giant Blunderbore. There may have been passages in our history rather suggestive of that inflated simpleton; but we shall not repeat them in South Africa.

From an article in the *North American Review* I learn that a great social reform is making progress in the United States. From time to time enterprising persons have striven to establish "the law of privacy." A certain young woman in the State of New York sought redress because her portrait had been affixed to an advertisement of flour. She was therein described as "The Flour of the Family," and suffered much from the jocularity of her friends. Her case was that the publication of the portrait without her consent was an invasion of privacy; but the court decided that privacy had no legal existence, and that such a doctrine could not be limited to portraits, but, if it ever became law, would have to be extended to all comment in speech or writing on "one's looks, conduct, domestic relations or habits." In California, however, privacy has acquired a legal status, for the State has enacted that to publish the unauthorised portrait of any

citizen, other than a public office-holder or a criminal, shall be punished by fine or imprisonment, or both. It is pointed out that this statute leaves the private citizen to some extent at the mercy of print; but this defect in the logic of Californian law will doubtless be remedied, so that it will be impossible to make any statement whatever about any person not in office or the criminal calendar without first securing his or her permission.

It is the aim of the Californian Legislature to discourage satirical humour, at least in caricature, for another section of the statute forbids the publication of "any caricature of any person residing in this State, which caricature will in any manner reflect upon the honour, integrity, manhood, virtue, reputation, or business or political motives of the person so caricatured, or which tends to expose the person so caricatured to public hatred, ridicule, or contempt." No humorous pencil may draw the Californian office-holder in a manner that excites derisive mirth. Even the criminal, if resident in the State, is apparently exempt from this form of publicity. He may languish in jail; but if his features are caricatured, he may have the satisfaction of knowing that the caricaturist occupies a neighbouring cell. Further, it is provided that any printed comment on "the natural or alleged defects of one who is alive," or upon the supposed infirmities of one who is dead, shall be signed with the writer's true name, and "subject to a penalty of one thousand dollars for each offence, to be recovered in a civil action." Satire, I fear, is doomed in California. Even a playful quip may cost a thousand dollars if the owner of the "alleged defects" have no taste for banter. The writer in the *North American* hopes that the Californian example will be followed by other States. What is to become of American humour? I tremble for Mr. Dooley.

A correspondent writes to me: "I am a reviewer, and I find my occupation held up to odium by authors who have been unfolding their grievances in a morning paper. They are especially offended by brief notices of novels. The brief notice, they say, is written by a man who reads half-a-dozen pages of the novel, three at the beginning, and three at the end, and thus disposes in a few minutes of the toil of many months. Sir, you may desire to publish my portrait when I tell you that I read every word. There is for me a weird fascination even in a poor novel. I read on with growing wonder that the writer had the moral energy to persevere to the last chapter. But the point is that the reviewer in most cases should be able to state his impression of a novel in twenty lines. People who say this cannot be done are not acquainted with the art. William Black used to affirm that the reviewer's opinion was not worth having, because he could not know the processes of the novelist's mind. But he does know the results, and for the purpose of judgment he can put them in a very small compass. Twenty lines, Sir, are enough for the ordinary novel, though twenty thousand might fail to disclose the whole nervous commotion that produced it."

But if I understand the novelist's complaint, it is that the reviewer's personal impression may be wholly misleading. He may have an incurable bias. Every man has a bias, you may say, but every man does not write reviews. Instead of entrusting this task to a hardened expert, an editor might look around for an enthusiast to whom novel-reading is a constant renewal of the heart's best emotions. In time callousness would set in; symptoms of the incurable bias would appear, and then a fresh enthusiast would be engaged. There is no doubt that the habit of putting one's opinions on paper, and printing them, eventually warps the mind. But I fear the supply of enthusiasts would be rapidly used up, and the novelist would be confronted by a formidable body of reviewers, with their native bias turned to malevolence. The only way to meet this peril is to agitate for the development of the Californian law in the British Constitution. Let it be a penal offence to review a novel without a certificate from the author that the critic is a fit and proper person to classify the beauties of the work.

Some reformers are busy with plans for checking the consumption of fiction in free libraries. The vast majority of readers in those institutions care for nothing but inferior novels. This does not trouble Mr. Carnegie, who thinks that novels offer a better education than the classics; but less philanthropic observers are not so complacent. One of them proposes that the free-library student shall draw twelve novels a year, and pay twopence for every novel in excess of that allowance. Another scheme is that lectures on literature shall be given in every free library to divert the novel-reader's mind to higher things. I question the efficacy of these devices. There are people who hold that by assimilating an enormous number of novels, the average reader acquires a fastidious discrimination. If he did, the present flood of fiction would speedily drive him to history or metaphysics. But if Mr. Carnegie is not fastidious, why should any confirmed novel-reader pay heed to lectures?

MONTE CARLO ON THE STAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

There are in the world's theatrical repertory about half-a-dozen plays illustrating the evil effects of gambling. Five of these—two French, one German, and two English, and dating from the eighteenth century—would not draw a tear from the most sentimental and unsophisticated present-day audience; the other, by Prosper Goubeaux and the veteran playwright, Ernest Legouvé, was written for a wager, and is practically a one-part drama. We know it from a version presented many years ago by Fechter at the Lyceum. He played the rôle originally created by Frederick Lemaître, who in the last act used to make the spectators shudder, not by a picture of the vicissitudes and fluctuations of the game, which had nothing whatever to do with the plot, but because he had reduced his family to such dire distress as to be on the point of unknowingly becoming the murderer of his own son.

Since then the Russians, the Italians, the English, and the French, but notably the first and last named, have endeavoured to use some gambling episodes from real life for scenic reproduction. "The Masqueraders" of Mr. H. A. Jones contained a scene of two men gaming for the wife of one of the players, which had actually taken place in Russia. One of Mr. Pinero's pieces showed a churchman making bets on races for the purpose of amassing the necessary funds for the construction of a steeple. That also had its origin in a transaction which occurred in the 'forties in France, when François Blanc's predecessor ruled at Baden-Baden and sent out touts to attract the venturesome-inclined, just as the up-to-date money-lender employs decoys.

Mr. Pinero struck the right note with the material at his command—namely, the comic one. Mr. Jones made an error in trying to get tragic capital out of his incident; but he erred in excellent company. Early in the 'sixties, *i.e.*, before the Prusso-Austrian War, when the German gambling-tables were in the zenith of their prosperity, and the whole of "festive" Paris emptied itself early in the autumn into the Lichtenthall Allée, François Blanc was appealed to not only once a year, but at least a dozen times by the regular purveyors of melodrama of the Boulevard du Crime, as the Boulevard du Temple was then called, for plots suggested by his experience. François Blanc was not only himself the greatest gambler of genius that ever lived, but a clever administrator and a thorough man of the world, who had made up for a deficient early education by a vast amount of reading. It was he who foresaw that, in proportion to Germany's rise among the Powers of Europe, his chances of a renewal of his concessions were getting smaller and smaller. His answer to the request of Bouchardy, of Cormon, of d'Ennery, and of others for materials for plots was invariably the same: "I'll give you the most harrowing gambling incident within my knowledge: represent it bodily on the stage, or narrate it in the style of the classical French dramatists, and if you can make out of it one tragic scene lasting for more than two minutes, I'll rent the whole of your theatre for as many nights as you would like to run your piece. It, on the other hand, you will send Labiche and the comic authors to me, I'll tell them stories that will not only make them shake with laughter, but that will set an audience of two or three thousand persons in a roar; and if they carefully develop that one situation, they can repeat the laughter half-a-dozen times during the evening. For you must bear this in mind," he said on another occasion in my hearing, "your gambler, whether he be a novice or an adept, is not a hero. When he pits himself against one adversary, he is something like a highwayman, minus the physical courage of the latter; when he pits himself against a roulette or trente-et-quarante bank, he is a Don Quixote tilting against windmills, and just as mad as the knight."

Now, Don Quixote on the stage is a foredoomed failure, because he is mad from beginning to end, and there is no variety in his madness. No more is there in the temporary gambler who comes to Monte Carlo for the express purpose of accomplishing a feat—namely, to win a sum of money with which to start a new career or to redress a wrong. Hence, when I heard of Mr. Jones's heroine, Ellen Farndon, I foresaw the objection she would raise in the public's mind and the small amount of sympathy she would receive. I did not judge at random, for, curiously enough, a similar case—or nearly similar—came under my ken in March 1889.

We had just finished dinner when there was a rumour that someone had hanged himself at an adjacent hotel. The report turned out to be partly true. When they entered the room of the supposed suicide, they found him seated on the floor, the rope still round his neck, and the staple attached to the rope. He had come to the conclusion after he had kicked away the chair, that life was still worth living, and in his frantic struggle to act upon the conclusion, the staple had come out of the partition. An amateur coroner returned a verdict of "Wilful resurrection whilst in a state of unsound mind."

Most of the company returned, disappointment written on their faces, for there had been a rush to secure a bit of the rope—of course, for a consideration—because it is a well-known fact that landlords do retail the ropes with which people have

hanged themselves. As it happened, the idiot who had given us this after-dinner sensation was not at all cleaned out. He was desperately in love with a girl of good family but expensively brought up, and consequently expecting an exceedingly comfortable home. He was in receipt of a good salary, but too extravagant to have saved anything, and he had not the patience to wait. So someone suggested he should take a holiday and try his luck at Monte Carlo. Almost the first day he won a tidy sum, for when he sat on the floor he had between £400 and £500 upon him. Of course that was not enough for his purpose, and he intended to recommence operations the next morning. During the evening he met with a well-meaning clergyman, who told him that Providence especially marks out the successful gambler for perdition. He could not withstand the temptation to try Providence's intention with regard to himself, and when he found the gold pieces accumulating he thought he would make an end of himself. "What a plot for a play!" suggested someone. "A plot for a Gilbert and Sullivan opera," was the reply; "there is nothing dramatic in it, only it's immense as a topsy-turvy thing." *A bon entendeur, salut.*

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SECRET AND CONFIDENTIAL," AT THE COMEDY.

A drawing-room melodrama, slightly varying the conventional formula which requires a "big" scene that shows a husband surprising his innocent wife when she is visiting the villain's rooms after midnight—such is Mr. Victor Widnell's story, "Secret and Confidential," which Mr. Curzon has staged at the Comedy Theatre. This particular heroine compromises herself—nay, openly confesses that a blackmailing political adventurer is her lover, to save her worthless father, who has sold the villain a State document, and she repairs to another man's chambers, not to keep an assignation, but to destroy a letter acknowledging her father's crime; so that Mr. Widnell may be credited with putting a slightly fresh complexion on a stock theme, and with making his central situation strong and exciting. But expectations of anything like atmosphere or characterisation are not fulfilled in his drama. His picture of politics may be compared with that furnished in Mr. Cecil Raleigh's "Price of Peace." His characters, whether extravagant but devoted heroine or shoddy spy, whether stiff husband or debauched parent, are quite stereotyped, like the "comic relief." Still, the wife's agonies give admirable scope to the emotional powers of Miss Gertrude Kingston, and Mr. Frederick Kerr and Mr. Aubrey Smith nicely contrast the strength and the weakness of the heroine's husband and father.

"ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND," AT THE ADELPHI.

The writer of a historical romance is allowed to deal with historical persons in one of two fashions—either to make them subordinate characters, mere gods from the machine, or to employ them in some business which they actually took in hand or which they might conceivably have taken in hand. What he is absolutely debarred from doing by the rules of the game is to make a violent distortion of recognised historical facts. This rule is infringed in the most flagrant and transpontine manner in the five-act tragedy of Giacometti's which Miss Nance O'Neil revived at the Adelphi on Tuesday evening. "Elizabeth, Queen of England," is indeed effective enough from the star actress's point of view, as enabling her to give a popular and highly coloured picture of certain sharply contrasted aspects of the character of the Virgin Queen; but its departure from historical verisimilitude is so frankly outrageous that it introduces King James VI. of Scotland as appealing in person to Elizabeth for his mother's life, and as receiving the crown of England from the very hands of his dying predecessor. In a play of this sort the players have little more to do than to declaim at the top of the voice, and this Miss O'Neil and Mr. Kingston do vigorously enough.

"WHO'S BROWN?" AT THE KENNINGTON THEATRE.

There is a quaint notion behind Mr. Frank Wyatt's farce, "Who's Brown?" presented this week at Kennington, though it is only in the play's third act that the fun gets fast and furious. A husband is detained all night on the "Great Wheel," and fearing his wife's incredulity, says he has stayed with a certain (imaginary) Brown. He induces a friend to impersonate this Brown, and to answer in person a telegram sent by the jealous lady. But at the address given there live real Browns, whose domestic peace is consequently disturbed, while the imbroglio is increased by the hero recognising in his friend's wife the innocent partner of his Earl's Court experience. Mr. Wyatt's dialogue is full of hackneyed jokes, but his third act is really amusing, and the vivacity of those old Strand associates, Mr. Charles Fawcett and Miss Annie Goward touches just the right note of extravagance.

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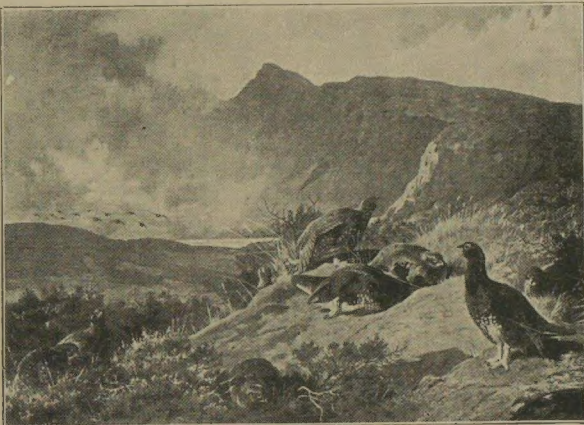
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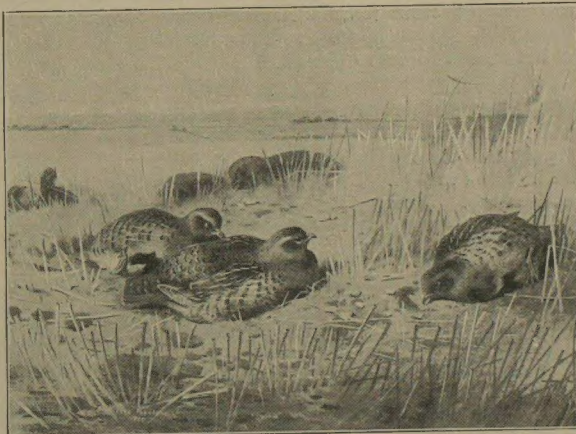
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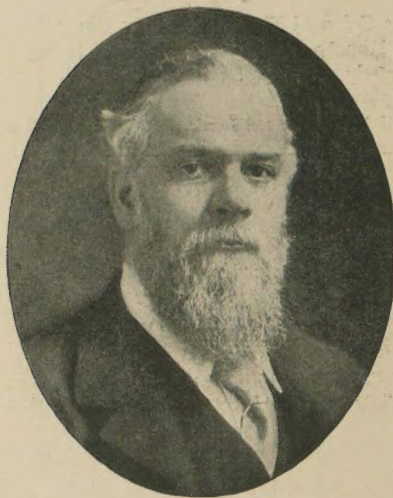
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PERSONAL.

Lord Milner is making satisfactory progress with the settlement of British colonists on the land in the Transvaal. He is overwhelmed with applications, many of the settlers being ex-soldiers. This policy entails no confiscation, the land being the property of the State. Naturally it is not welcome to the Boers, who want to be left in exclusive possession of all agricultural property.

The Duc d'Orléans has made his peace with the King. It says much for the kindheartedness of our Sovereign that he has withdrawn the ban which the monstrous behaviour of the Duc d'Orléans brought upon him two years ago. But there are offences that public opinion cannot forgive, and this Bourbon will never be welcome to this country.

The Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, Chairman of the Royal Commission to inquire into the preparations for the war in South Africa, and into the military operations up to the occupation of Pretoria, has held the onerous position of Viceroy of India; and has also filled the offices of Treasurer of the Household and First Commissioner of Works.



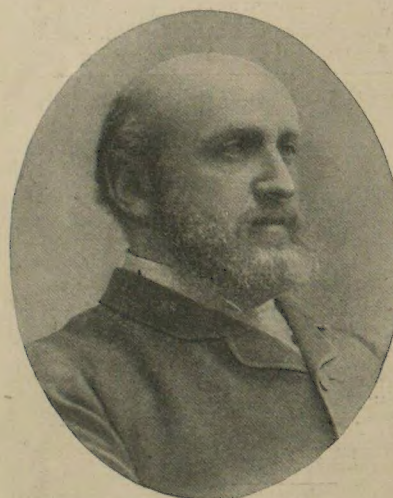
Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE EARL OF ELGIN, K.G., P.C.,
Chairman of the War Commission.

Born at Monklands, near Montreal, on May 16, 1849, the son of the eighth Earl and his second wife, the fourth daughter of the first Earl of Durham, Lord Elgin was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford. He succeeded his father, the distinguished Plenipotentiary to China and Viceroy of India, in 1863, and in 1876 married Constance, second daughter of the ninth Earl of Southesk. Since 1886 he has been Lord Lieutenant of Fifehire.

The Czar has been addressing advice to his subjects. The provincial councils were warned to stick to their local business. The peasants were told to be industrious and sober, and to respect the Ten Commandments. Clearly the Russian political genius does not embrace any measures of social reform.

The United Irish League is much incensed by the proclamation of Dublin under the Crimes Act. There is no crime in Dublin, but newspapers publish boycotting notices, and this form of intimidation the Government will not tolerate. At a meeting held within earshot of the Chief Secretary's Lodge, Mr. Dillon denounced the suppression of "freedom of speech." He seems to possess the only humour that is left in Ireland.

Sir John Jackson is well known as one of the largest contractors for public works, and is identified with the last section of the Manchester Ship Canal, the foundations of the Tower Bridge, Dover Harbour, and other works; the Admiralty Docks at Devonport; the Admiralty Harbour, Simon's Bay, South Africa; and the Tyne Breakwater. Sir John, whose knighthood was created in 1895, was born on Feb. 4, 1851, the youngest son of the late Edward Jackson of York. In 1876 he married Ellen Julia, youngest daughter of the late George Myers. His recreations are yachting and cycling.



SIR JOHN JACKSON,
Member of the War Commission.

A sketch-book belonging to Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., has just been presented by his son, Mr. Field Stanfield, to the Public Library of Sunderland. The relic is the more interesting as it contains the first pencil sketches and suggestions for some of the pictures by which Stanfield became best known.

The Queen and Princess Victoria left Balmoral on Sept. 16, and proceeding to Queensferry, Firth of Forth, embarked on the *Victoria and Albert* for Copenhagen.

An amusing tale comes from the Post Office. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, making his first official visit, was taken to the room of a personage who was asleep. When aroused, he was told that the visitor was the Postmaster-General. "How do you do, Mr. Raikes?" he said. Mr. Raikes has been dead about twelve years.

Mr. Montagu Holbein, who failed to swim the Channel by only three-quarters of a mile, has paid a handsome tribute to the memory of Captain Webb. Webb did swim the Channel, and remains without a rival. He attempted the impossible feat of swimming through the rapids of Niagara, and was drowned.

Reginald Baliol Brett, second Viscount Esher, recently resigned the Secretaryship of his Majesty's Office of Works after holding it since 1895, and has been Deputy Governor of Windsor Castle since 1901. Lord Esher was born on June 30, 1852, and is the eldest son of the first Viscount, the famous Master of the Rolls, and Eugénie, daughter of Louis Mayer. He received his education at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; was member for Penryn and Falmouth from 1880 till 1885, and Private Secretary to the Marquess of Hartington for seven years. He married Eleanor, daughter of M. Van de Weyer, Belgian Minister at the Court of St. James's, in 1879, and twenty years later succeeded to the title on the death of his father.

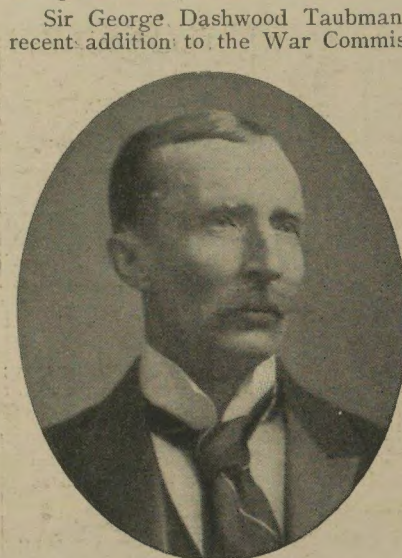


Photo, Lafayette.
VISCOUNT ESHER, K.C.B.,
Member of the War Commission.

The *Cologne Gazette* very sensibly warns the German Pro-Boers not to make the visit of the Boer Generals to Berlin the occasion of hostile demonstrations against England. It will be difficult for people who have been rabid for three years to become suddenly sane.

General Cronje contrives to express his sentiments without any ambiguous language. He says it is the duty of the Boers to submit to "the inscrutable wisdom" of Heaven. Luckily for him, he is not perambulating Europe on a diplomatic mission.

Sir George Dashwood Taubman Goldie, the most recent addition to the War Commission, has earned a lasting claim upon the country's goodwill by his splendid work in the conquest, government, and administration of Nigeria, a task which required much foresight and firmness, and which was accomplished with both efficiency and economy. Sir George, who is a Manxman, was born on May 20, 1846, and is the youngest son of Colonel Goldie-Taubman, Scots Guards, Speaker of the House of Keys.

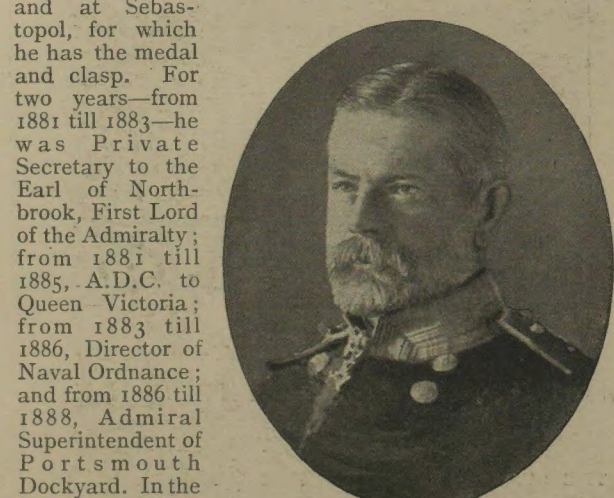


Photo, Elliott and Fry.
SIR G. D. TAUBMAN GOLDIE, K.C.M.G., P.C.,
Member of the War Commission.

Educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he entered the Royal Engineers, travelled in the Sudan, Morocco, Algeria, the Niger regions, and other parts of Africa, and attended the Berlin Conference of 1884 and 1885 as expert on Nigerian questions. He married, in 1870, Matilda, daughter of John Elliot, of Wakefield. His knighthood dates from 1887, and his Privy Councillorship from 1898.

Mr. Harry de Windt, who has been travelling in Siberia, gives a startling account of the Arctic settlements of political exiles. Half these people, he says, die raving mad. As Mr. de Windt has often vindicated the prison system of Siberia, his present criticism cannot be attributed to animus. He has communicated the results of his observations to the authorities at St. Petersburg.

Admiral Sir John Ommanney Hopkins, representative of the premier service, served in the Black Sea in 1854-55, and at Sebastopol, for which he has the medal and clasp. For two years—from 1881 till 1883—he was Private Secretary to the Earl of Northbrook, First Lord of the Admiralty; from 1881 till 1885, A.D.C. to Queen Victoria; from 1883 till 1886, Director of Naval Ordnance; and from 1886 till 1888, Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard. In the latter year he was appointed Naval Lord of the Admiralty and Controller of the Navy; in 1892 Commander-in-Chief on the North American and West Indian station; and in 1896 to a similar position on the Mediterranean station. Sir John, who was born in 1834, is the son of the Rev. W. T. Hopkins, Rector of Nuffield, and has been twice married.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
ADMIRAL SIR J. O. HOPKINS, G.C.B.,
Member of the War Commission.

Mr. Roosevelt has won a signal victory over the malcontents in his party. The Republican "bosses" had actually declared that he should not be nominated as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. They have been forced to recant, and Mr. Roosevelt's prospects are better than ever.

Captain J. C. Grahame, of the Highland Light Infantry, who took so brilliant a part in the Niger Expedition, has received the distinction of the D.S.O. It was due to Captain Grahame that the war was shortened by a month, and the expedition saved from a campaign in the deadly wet season of West Africa.

The Rev. R. M. Faithfull Davies, curate of Richmond Parish Church, has been appointed Chaplain and Organising Secretary in New Zealand to the Bishop of Melanesia. He will leave England in February next.

Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wylie Norman has been Governor of Chelsea Hospital since 1901; is a member of the Council of the Royal Colonial Institute and Royal Geographical Society; a Governor of the Imperial Institute; and a Director of the Commercial Assurance Company. He was born in London on Dec. 2, 1826, and was appointed to the Bengal Infantry in 1844. As Adjutant of the 31st Native Infantry, he went through the Sikh War of 1848-49; served as Chief of Staff in many actions on the Peshawur frontier; took part in the suppression of the Sonthal Insurrection; and was Assistant and Acting Adjutant-General during the Indian Mutiny. He was A.D.C. to Queen Victoria, and has been Assistant Military Secretary to the Duke of Cambridge; Military Secretary in India; member of the Council of the Viceroy of India; member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India; Governor of Jamaica, and of Queensland; and in 1897, Chairman of the West India Royal Commission.

France possesses a very extraordinary Minister of Marine in M. Camille Pelletan. After fulminating at Italy when he was visiting Ajaccio, M. Pelletan proceeded to Bizerta, where he prophesied "a holy war for the French fatherland." Nobody is threatening this blessed fatherland, but M. Pelletan says it is just because he knows nothing about the designs of other nations that he feels it needful to talk in this style. M. Delcassé is said to have complained to the French Premier about the performances of M. Pelletan. But they have set Europe laughing.

Sir John Edge was formerly Chief Justice of the North-West Provinces, and is now a member of the Indian Council. The only son of the late Benjamin Booker Edge, of Clonbrock, Queen's County, he was born in 1841, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, was called to the Irish Bar in 1864, and to the English Bar two years later. His judicial position in India he held from 1886 till 1898, the year in which he was made a member of the Council of India, and elected Bencher of the Middle Temple. He was knighted in 1886. Sir John was married in 1867 to Laura, daughter of T. Loughborough.

The appointment of Superintendent of Pembroke Dockyard, which became vacant by the promotion of Captain Barlow to flag rank, has been given to Captain Russell. The new Superintendent commissioned the battle-ship *Hannibal* in April 1900 for service with the Channel Squadron.

The Earl of Dudley has already made several appointments to his Viceregal household and staff. Lord Plunket is to be his Private Secretary; Mr. Lionel Earle, C.M.G., Additional Private Secretary; Mr. Herbert Fetherstonhaugh, Assistant Private Secretary; Lord Lurgan, State Steward; and Major A. F. Lambart, Comptroller.

Lieutenant Peary has sent a despatch to New York from Château Bay, Labrador, stating that he is homeward bound on board the *Windward*, all well.

The strange sect who used to believe in the divinity of Brother Prince have found a new leader in the Rev. Smyth Pigott, of Clapton. Mr. Pigott says that Prince was the Forerunner, and that he himself is the Messiah. He preaches this blasphemy to people who are apparently ready to believe anything.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
F.M. SIR H. W. NORMAN, G.C.B.,
Member of the War Commission.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
SIR JOHN EDGE,
Member of the War Commission.



Photo. W. G. Lewis, Bath.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF THE FIRST BALLOON ASCENT AT BATH, SEPTEMBER 8: THE BALLOON RISING OVER THE CITY.

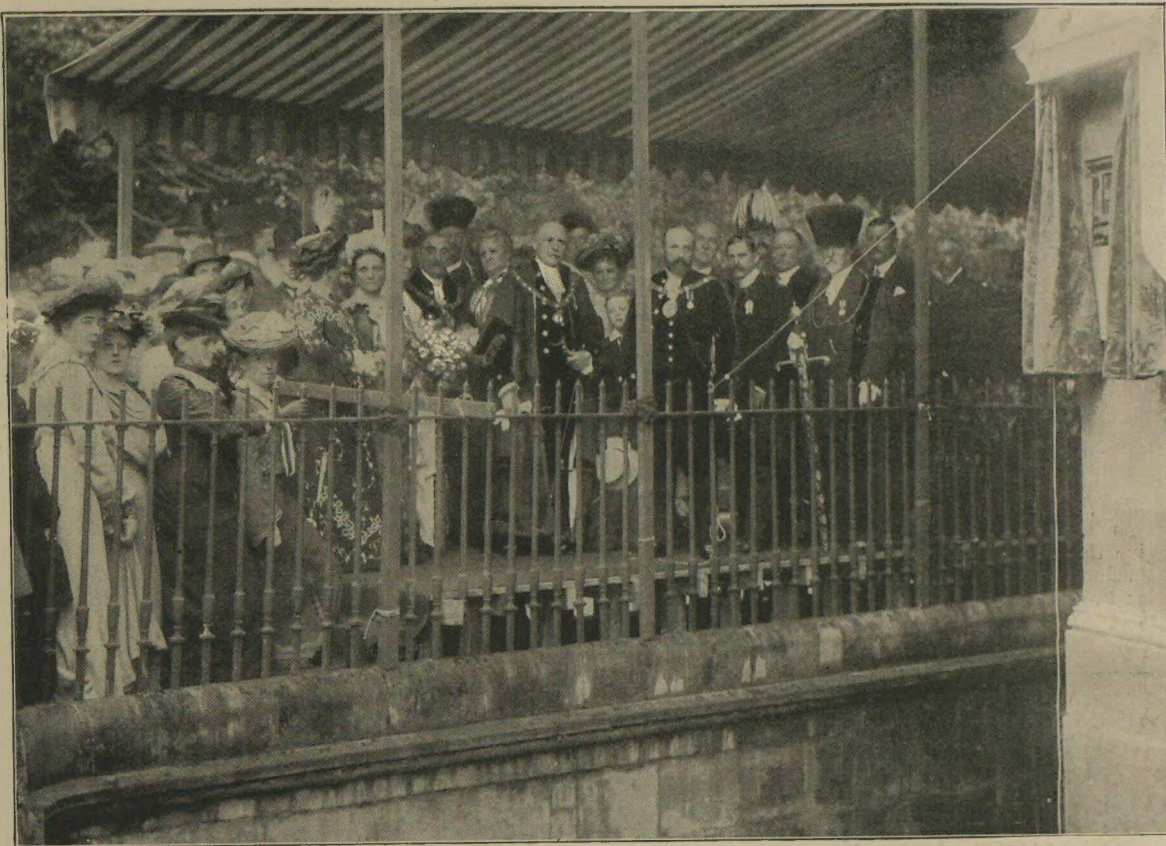


Photo. W. G. Lewis, Bath.

THE STATE VISIT OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON TO BATH: THE UNVEILING OF THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE TABLET IN SYDNEY PLACE.

The Lord Mayor visited Bath with full civic state, attended by the Sword and Mace Bearers and the City Marsha.

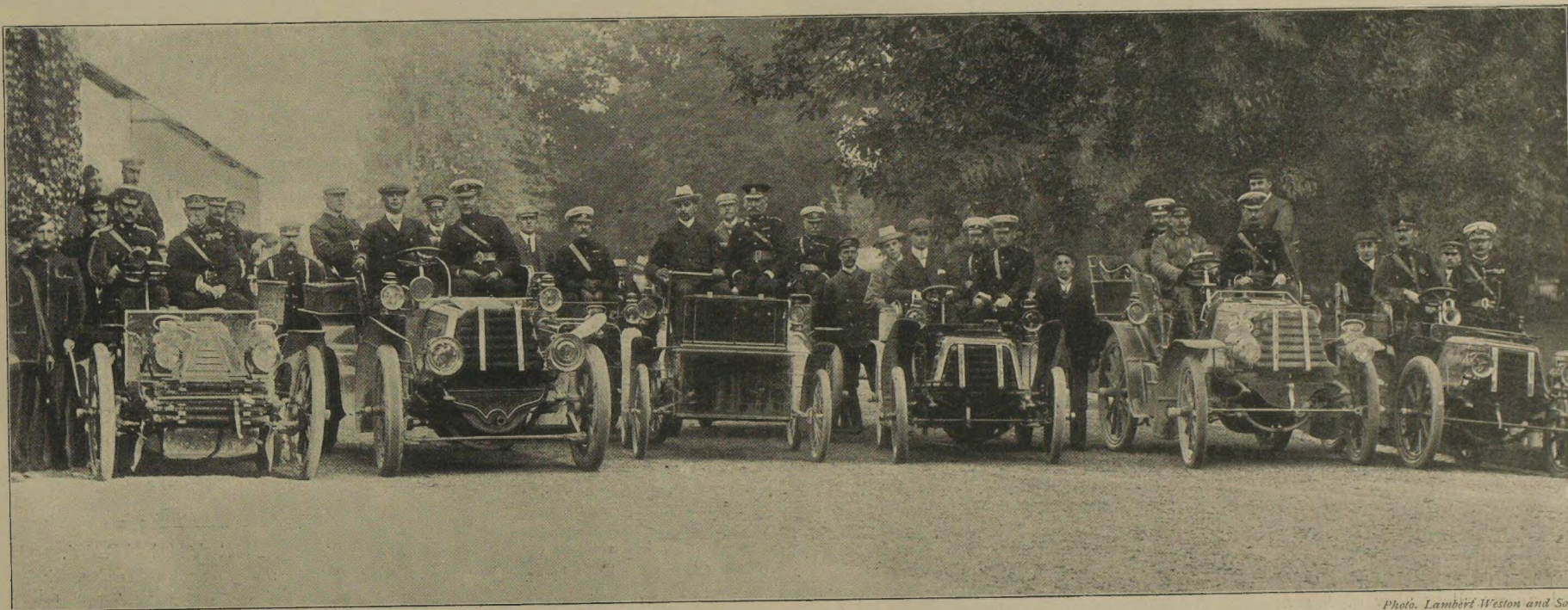


Photo. Lambert Weston and Son.

THE NEW CORPS OF AUTOMOBILE VOLUNTEERS: MOTOR-CARS OFFERED FOR MILITARY SERVICE. Among the occupants of the cars may be seen Earl Roberts, General Kelly-Kenny, and General Sir Leslie Rundle.

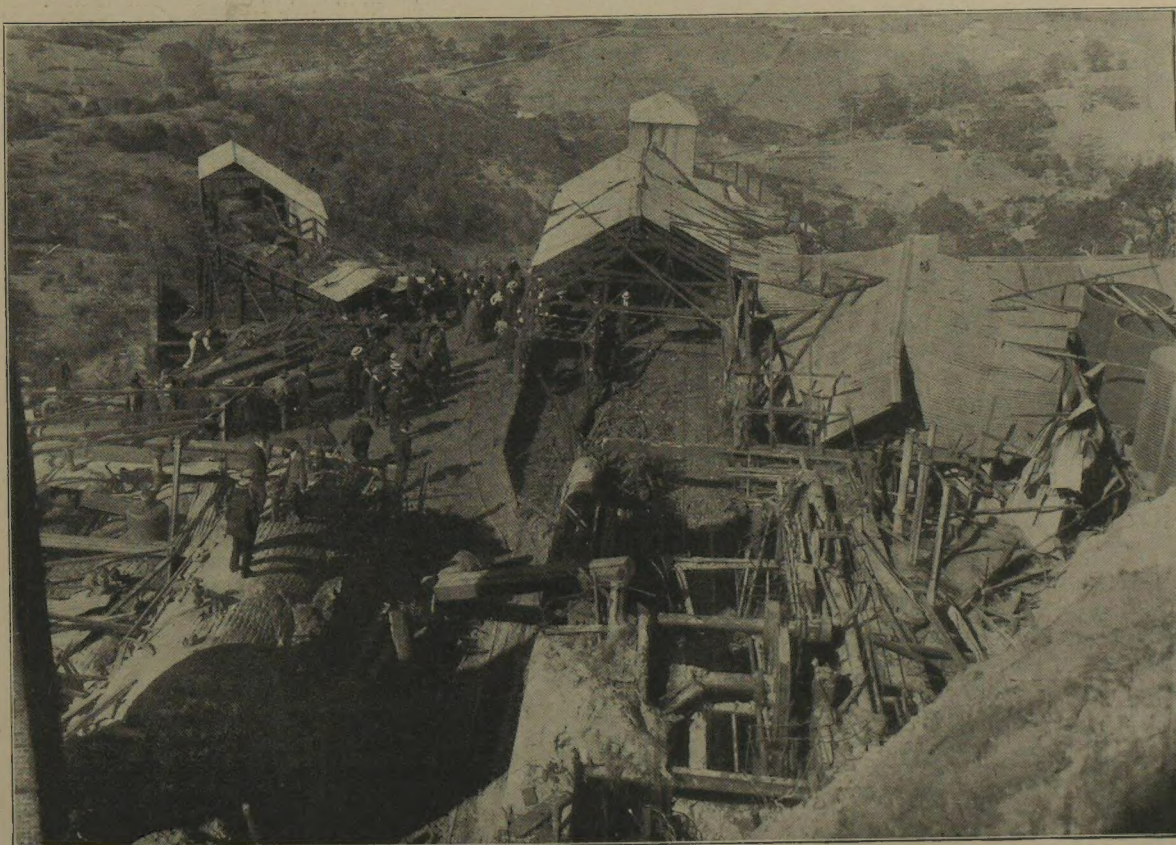


Photo. Kerry and Co., Sydney.

THE FATAL COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT MOUNT KEMBLA, NEW SOUTH WALES: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE.



Photo. Lascelles.

A ZEBRA HYBRID PRESENTED TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS BY THE KING.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BRAEMAR GATHERING.

After having been in abeyance for two years on account of the Boer War and the death of Queen Victoria, the Braemar Gathering—the principal social event of the Deeside season—was held at Cluny on Sept. 11 with considerable success, partly due, no doubt, to the presence of the King and Queen. The clansmen came on the ground shortly after eleven o'clock; the Duffs wearing the tartan of their clan, with sprigs of holly in their Glengarry bonnets, and carrying halberds; the Balmoral Highlanders in kilts of Royal Stuart tartan, oak-leaves and thistles in their bonnets, and armed with Lochaber axes; a contingent of the Deeside Highlanders; and the Farquharsons with their claymores. Highland greetings were exchanged, and the proceedings were opened by a picturesque and striking parade of the combined force. The Duffs, who led the way, had among them Colin Cameron, piper to the Duke of Fife, and formerly a champion pibroch-player. Next came the Balmoral men, composed entirely of retainers and servants attached to the royal estate, headed by Mr. Michie, the King's factor, and including his Majesty's piper, William Campbell. Then followed the Deeside Highlanders, or, to give them their official name, the 5th Volunteer Battalion Gordon Highlanders; the Farquharson Highlanders, under the command of Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld,



THE FIRST SUBMARINE FOR THE GERMAN NAVY.

This boat was built in America on the Goubet-Holland principle, and is only half as long as the new English and French submarines. Though the details of its construction are secret, it is understood that the motive power is electricity.

their Majesties' host for the day; Pipe-Major Dunbar, representative of the Gordon Highlanders; and a few details from the guard of honour of Camerons stationed at Ballater. The sports proper commenced at half-past twelve, and an interesting exhibition was given of putting the stone, tossing the caber, vaulting, and foot-racing, while competitions in national dancing and in bagpipe-playing were proceeding. At about three o'clock the events were suspended to await the arrival of the King and Queen. The clansmen were lined up across the space between the road and the enclosure in which the games were held, the Duffs being nearest to the road. Twenty minutes later the Duke and Duchess of Fife, with Lady Alice Duff, Captain and Mrs. Webb, and Sir Felix Semon, drove on to the ground, her Royal Highness and the Duke of Fife taking their places in the Royal Pavilion, which had been erected in such a position as to command an excellent view of the arena. At a quarter to four, a roar of cheering signalled the approach of the King and Queen, and a moment later their Majesties, in a carriage drawn by four greys, drove between the lines of Highlanders, while the Duffs presented their halberds and waved their bonnets, and the Farquharsons flourished their claymores. With them were Princess Victoria and Prince Edward of Wales; in the second carriage the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert; and following them numerous guests and officials. The King, who wore a kilt of the Royal Stuart tartan, as did also the Prince of Wales, his sons, and the Duke of Fife, was formally received by Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld, and then, with the Queen, proceeded to the Royal Pavilion. The sports were resumed by a march-past of the Highlanders, during which it was noticed that her Majesty took several snap-shots. His Majesty evinced particular interest in the dancing, and with the Prince of Wales, the little Princes, and the Duke of Fife, advanced into the arena for a closer view. The royal party also showed appreciation of the humours of the obstacle race by standing on the bank of the Dee while the competitors struggled knee-deep through the water. Their Majesties left the ground at half-past five.

CONTINENTAL ARMY MANŒUVRES.

FRANCE.

The gibe that the French are the Chinese of Europe, unwilling to profit by their own or other people's experience, and content to continue in the way that has been their fathers' and their fathers before them, has been revived by the obsolete methods adopted during the recent manœuvres of their army in the neighbourhood of Toulouse. They have ignored, deliberately or professedly, the lessons of the Boer War, and the operations, intended to demonstrate the most modern form of warfare, merely showed the manner of combat familiar a century ago. Close formation was favoured both for attack and defence; guns were ill-masked; advances were maintained at ranges which would have meant annihilation to the advancing troops; bodies of men were launched at positions which had been untouched by artillery-fire; and the cover offered by buildings and the formation of the country was unaccepted. Yet the French have adopted the military

balloon and the motor-car—curious anomaly. The tactics were otherwise, as tactics, occasionally brilliant and on the whole satisfactory. The men are reported to have marched superbly, and to be extremely well disciplined. Several small changes were apparent in the dress of the artillerymen; the gunners have discarded their weighty leather leggings, and the drivers their swords.

GERMANY.

The German manœuvres, which gain a special interest in this country from the fact that they were witnessed by Lord Roberts, Mr. Brodrick, and Generals French, Hamilton, and Kelly-Kenny, were a marked contrast to those held at Toulouse. Being a more practical nation than the French, the Germans have profited considerably by our recent war. Both the Army Corps had obviously had a thorough drilling in Boer tactics: the greatest attention was paid to mutual fire-support during advances, and the skill shown by the men in availing themselves of the cover afforded by every dip in the ground or hill-slope was very marked. The *Standard's* special correspondent was informed that the latter qualification was gained by constant practice. A subaltern takes half a company to a place a mile or two away, and then approaches as secretly as possible a position held by another officer and several men. Directly any member of the advancing force is seen, a blank cartridge is fired, and he knows that his work is finished. Even they, however, have left some of its lessons unheeded, as our

Illustration of infantry in close formation preparing to reply to a charge of cavalry amply witnesses. Again, the close formation in both infantry and cavalry attack has been adhered to, and the German line of march is not so extended as British officers, taking into consideration the extension of the line of battle necessitated by the long range of the modern rifle, would have made it, though it was, nevertheless, much wider than the French front. Among the most notable events of the manœuvres, from the spectacular point of view, must be reckoned the cavalry charges led by the Kaiser himself. The first of these took place on Sept. 11, when his Majesty put himself in the midst of his Cuirassiers, Uhlands, Hussars, and Dragoons, and, fighting for the Blue, or defending force, hurled them at the invading

infantry, already demoralised by artillery and machine-gun fire, and completely routed them, driving them towards the south-east. The second occurred on the following day, when after pouring a terrific fire into the Reds, his Majesty swept in upon them, taking them at right angles and practically annihilating them. Whether either or both of these charges were war is open to question, but that they were magnificent there is no doubt.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AT BATH.

The Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, Alderman and Sheriff Sir John Bell and Lady Bell, Sheriff Sir Horace Marshall and Lady Marshall, and Mr. Under-Sheriff Phillips and Mrs. Phillips, and attended by the Sword and Mace Bearers and the City Marshal, left London on the afternoon of Sept. 9 for Bath, where he was formally welcomed by the Mayor and Corporation. On the following day the civic party attended morning prayers at the Abbey, and Sir Joseph Dimsdale afterwards received in the Council Chamber of the Guildhall an address of welcome voted to him in acknowledgment of the hospitality so frequently extended to Mayors of Bath by the City



NEW ISSUES OF COLONIAL STAMPS.

For these stamps we are indebted to two firms—Messrs. Bright and Son, of 164, Strand; and Mr. Ewen, of 32, Palace Square, Norwood.

of London. A visit to the Technical Schools, the Art Gallery, the Baths, and the Roman remains preceded a public luncheon in the Guildhall. In the afternoon Sir Joseph unveiled a tablet on 93, Sydney Place, to commemorate Queen Charlotte's visit there in 1817.

THE BOER GENERALS IN AMSTERDAM.

The reception accorded to the Boer Generals at Amsterdam was not characterised by that ultra-enthusiasm anticipated by the majority of their Continental sympathisers, perhaps because, as Delarey pointed out in his reply to an address of welcome offered by M. Roell, President of the Reception Committee at the railway station, they came to Holland not as political personages, but to obtain help for their people, "who are ruined." Subsequently, Generals Botha, De Wet, and Delarey, who were accompanied by Messrs. Wolmarans, Wessels, and Reitz, attended receptions at the New Church, where they did not reply to the speeches delivered, and at the Town Hall, where in replying to the Burgomaster, General De Wet again emphasised the object of the mission, and expressed thanks for the sympathy extended to his companions and himself. At the luncheon which followed, General Botha spoke in much the same strain, and declared that the conclusion of peace was due to the mediation of Dr. Kuyper, the Dutch Premier.

THE MOUNT KEMBLA EXPLOSION.

A terrible explosion, by which at least eighty-five miners lost their lives, occurred at Mount Kembla Colliery, Wollongong, New South Wales, on July 31. The disaster seems to have been caused by a flare-lamp. A portion of the colliery was set on fire, and the buildings at the pit's mouth were completely wrecked. The Parliament adjourned as a mark of sympathy.

MOTOR-CARS FOR THE ARMY.

The possibilities of the motor-car for Staff work have for some time been fully recognised by the military authorities, and the proposal made by Lieutenant Mark Mayhew, of the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry, that a permanent corps of Automobile Volunteers should be formed, was speedily sanctioned. It is expected that the force will be in working order by the time the War Office Committee meets next month to decide upon details.



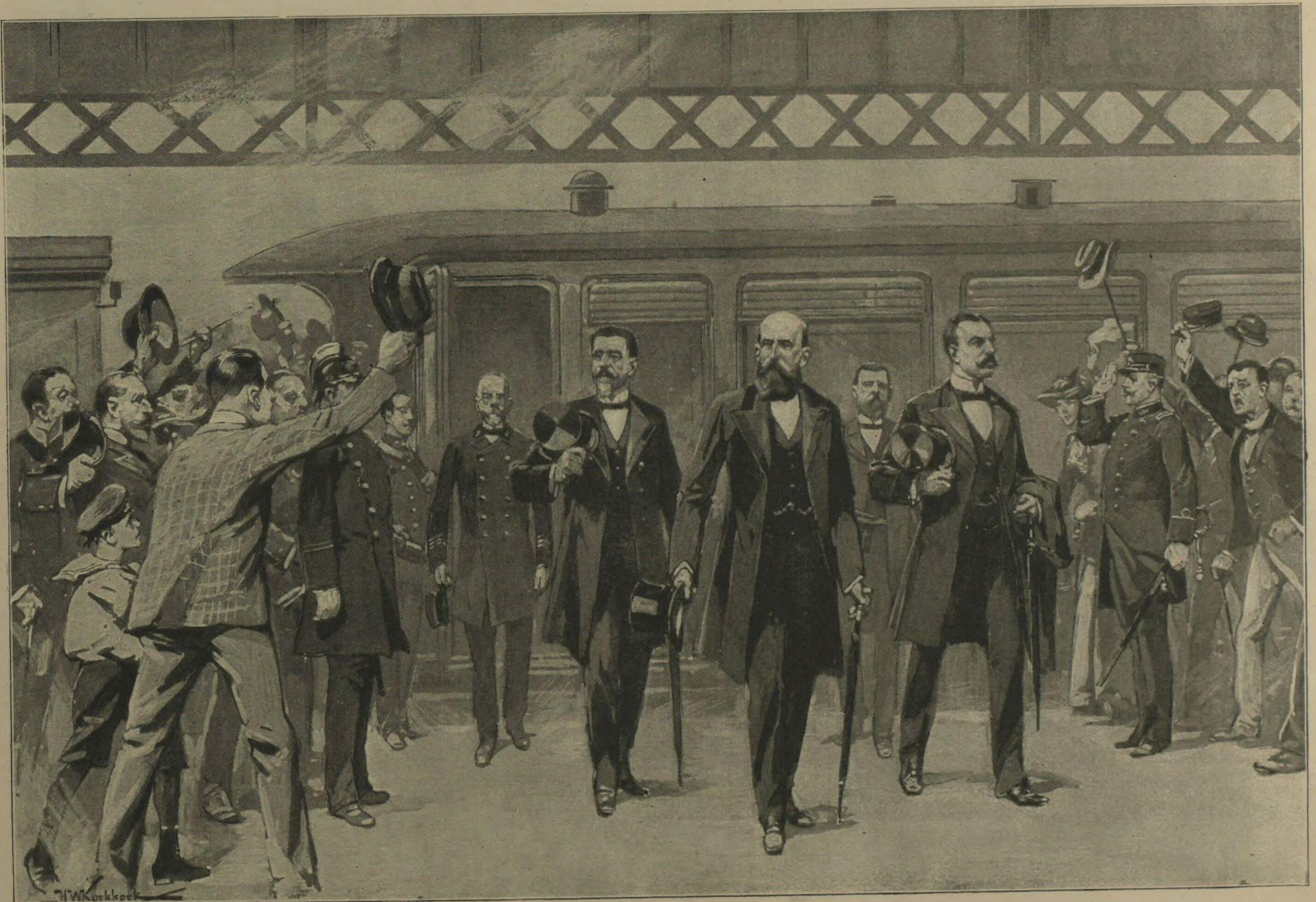
THE ABYSSINIAN ENVOY, RAS MAKONNEN, AND HIS SUITE, IN THEIR NATIONAL COSTUME.



THE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES: INFANTRY RESISTING A CAVALRY CHARGE.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-ODER.

It was noticeable that, though the German tactics showed a partial adoption of the methods learnt by the British Army in the South African War, the cavalry attack was resisted in close formation.



General De Wet. General Delarey. General Botha.

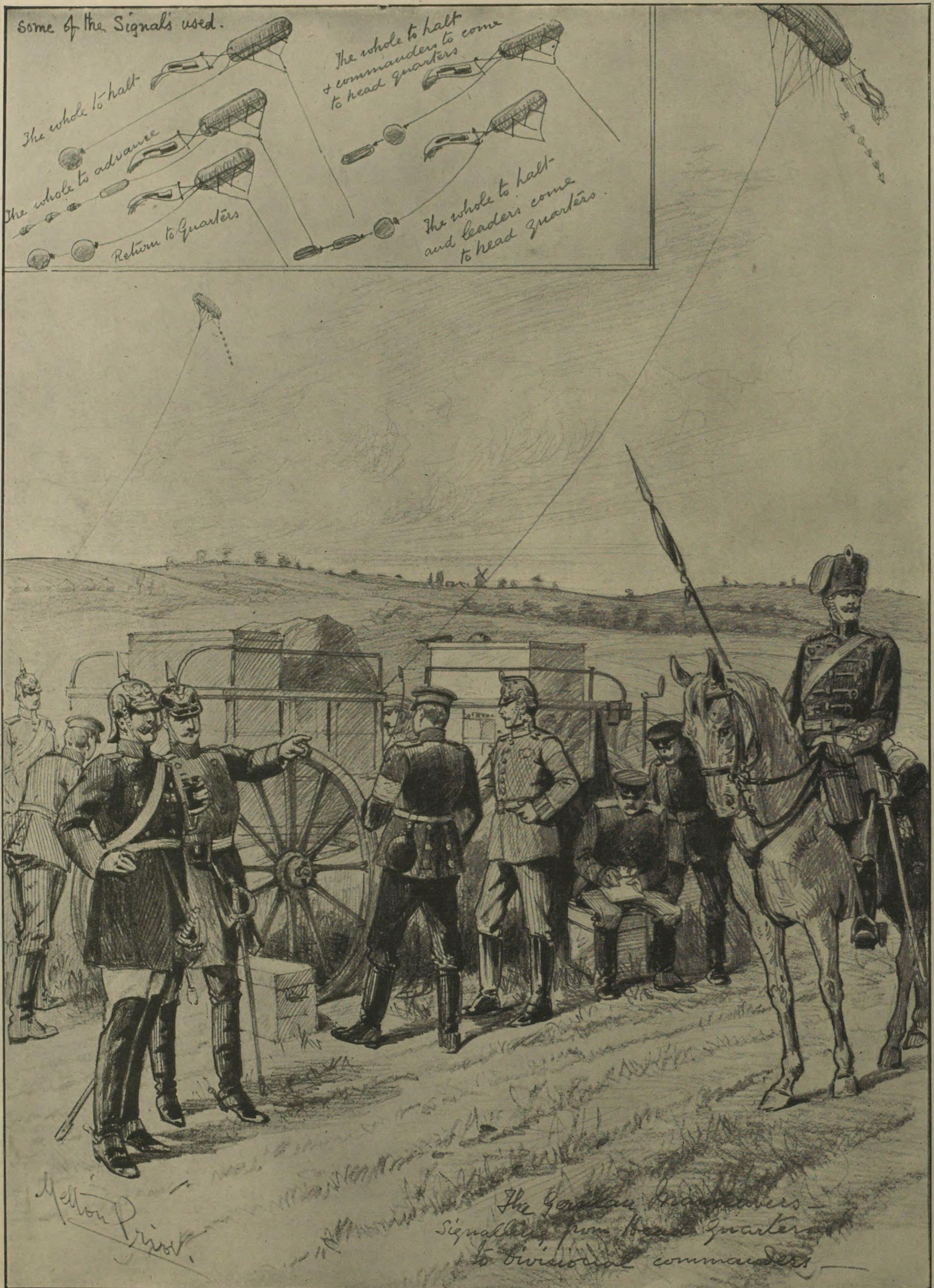
THE BOER GENERALS IN HOLLAND: THE RECEPTION OF GENERALS DELAREY, DE WET, AND BOTHA AT THE STATION, AMSTERDAM, SEPTEMBER 11.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT AMSTERDAM.

After leaving the station the Boer Generals proceeded to the New Church, where speeches were made, and then drove to the Town Hall, where they were received by the Burgomaster. General De Wet made an appeal for help for the Boer widows and children.

THE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-ODER.

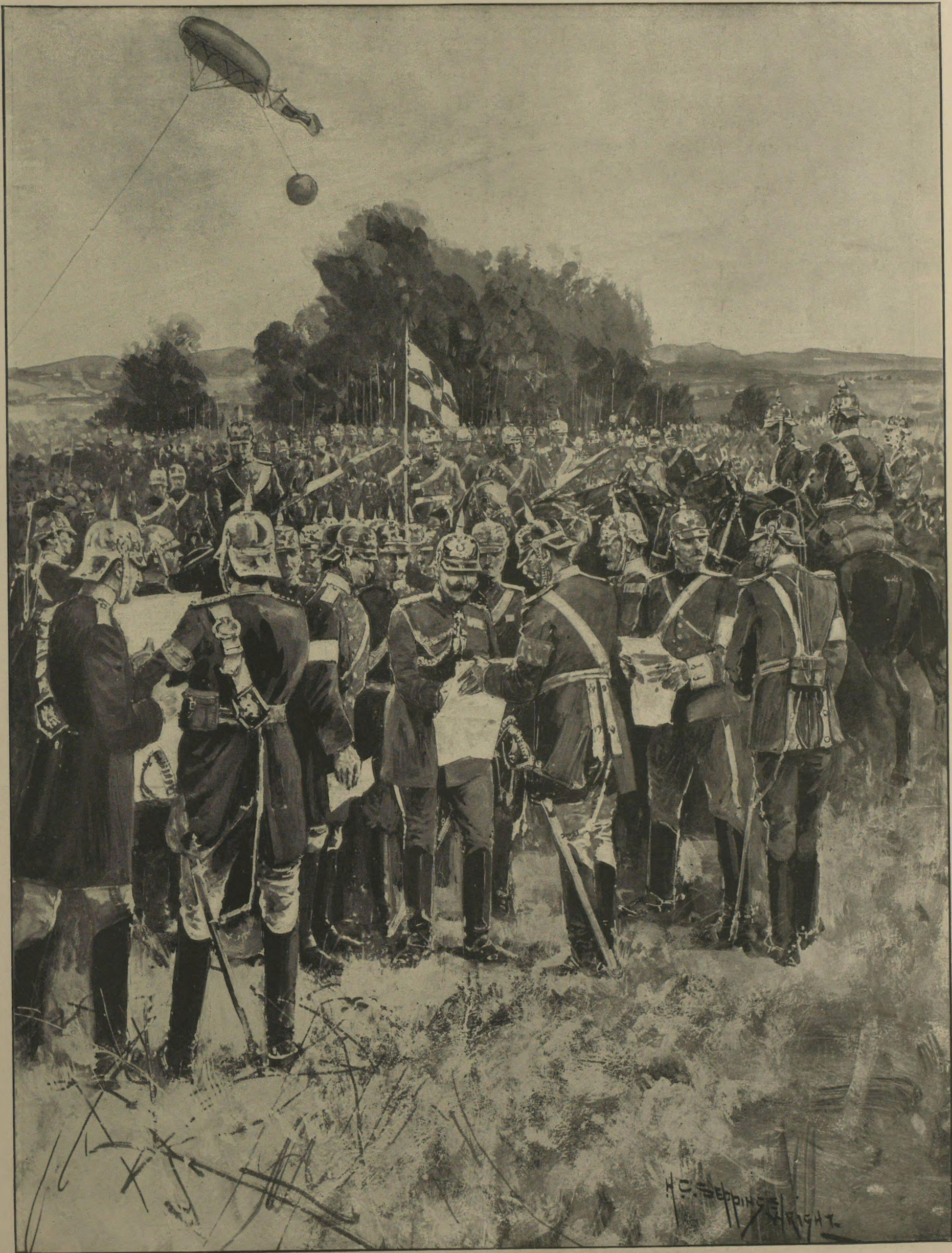


A COMMUNICATION FROM HEADQUARTERS TO THE DIVISIONAL COMMANDERS BY MEANS OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

In the German army manoeuvres balloons were employed for the transmission of messages by means of wireless telegraphy. Signals were also made by attaching small balloons or tails to the larger balloons. Some of these signals and their meanings are given above. The balloon floating over headquarters was always distinguished by a special flag.

THE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-ODER.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN THE FIELD: A CONSULTATION WITH THE UMPIRES.

The German Emperor himself acted as Umpire-in-Chief, Prince Albrecht of Prussia taking his place when his Majesty assumed command of troops. The small balloon shown in our drawing signifies a halt for consultation. A similar method of signalling was employed by the French Army during their recent manoeuvres.

THE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-ODER.



Mr. Brodrick. General Hamilton. General French. Lord Roberts.

THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BRITISH ARMY: LORD ROBERTS, MR. BRODRICK, AND GENERALS FRENCH AND HAMILTON ON THEIR WAY TO JOIN THE DEFENDING FORCE.

The German Emperor's British guests, Lord Roberts, Mr. Brodrick, and Generals Sir John French, Sir Ian Hamilton, and Kelly-Kenny, arrived in Berlin on September 5, and were presented to his Majesty at the parade of the Third Army Corps at Markenden. The khaki uniform worn by Mr. Brodrick during the operations has been the cause of much comment.

CHRISTOPHERSON.

By GEORGE GISSING.

*

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

IT was twenty years ago, and on an evening of May. All day long there had been sunshine. Owing, doubtless, to the incident I am about to relate, the light and warmth of that long-vanished day live with me still; I can see the great white clouds that moved across the strip of sky before my window, and feel again the spring languor which troubled my solitary work in the heart of London.

Only at sunset did I leave the house. There was an unwonted sweetness in the air; the long vistas of newly lit lamps made a golden glow under the dusking flush of the sky. With no purpose but to rest and breathe, I wandered for half an hour, and found myself at length where Great Portland Street opens into Marylebone Road. Over the way, in the shadow of Trinity Church, was an old book-shop, well known to me: the gas-jet shining upon the stall with its rows of volumes drew me across. I began turning over pages, and—invariable consequence—fingering what money I had in my pocket. A certain book overcame me; I stepped into the little shop to pay for it.

While standing at the stall, I had been vaguely aware of someone beside me, a man who also was looking over the books; as I came out again with my purchase, this stranger gazed at me intently, with a half-smile of peculiar interest. He seemed about to say something. I walked slowly away; the man moved in the same direction. Just in front of the church he made a quick movement to my side, and spoke.

"Pray excuse me, Sir—don't misunderstand me—I only wished to ask whether you have noticed the name written on the fly-leaf of the book you have just bought?"

The respectful nervousness of his voice naturally made me suppose at first that the man was going to beg; but he seemed no ordinary mendicant. I judged him to be about sixty years of age; his long, thin hair and straggling beard were grizzled, and a somewhat rheumy eye looked out from his bloodless, hollowed countenance; he was very shabbily clad, yet as a fallen gentleman, and indeed his accent made it clear to what class he originally belonged. The expression with which he regarded me had so much intelligence, so much good-nature, and at the same time such a pathetic diffidence, that I could not but answer him in the friendliest way. I had not seen the name on the fly-leaf, but at once I opened the book, and, by the light of a gas-lamp, read inscribed in a very fine hand—"W. R. Christopherson. 1849."

"It is my name," said the stranger, in a subdued and uncertain voice.

"Indeed? The book used to belong to you?"

"It belonged to me." He laughed oddly, a tremulous little crow of a laugh; at the same time shaking his head, as if to deprecate disbelief. "You never heard of the sale of the Christopherson library? To be sure, you were too young; it was in 1860. I have often come across books with my name in them on the stalls—often. I had happened to notice this just before you came up, and when I saw you look at it, I was curious to see whether you would buy it. Pray excuse

"My catalogue numbered twenty-four thousand seven hundred and eighteen."

I was growing curious and interested. Venturing no more direct question, I asked whether, at the time he spoke of, he lived in London.

"If you have five minutes to spare," was the timid reply, "I will show you my house. I mean"—again the little crowing laugh—"the house which *was* mine."

Willingly I walked on with him. He led me a short distance up the road skirting Regent's Park, and paused at length before a house in an imposing terrace.

"There," he whispered, "I used to live. The window to the right of the door—that was my library. Ah!"

And he heaved a deep sigh.

"A misfortune befell you," I said, also in a subdued voice.

"The result of my own folly. I had enough for my needs, but thought I needed more. I let myself be drawn into business—I, who knew nothing of such things—and there came the black day—the black day."

We turned to retrace our steps, and walking slowly, with heads bent, came in silence again to the church.

"I wonder whether you have bought any other of my books?" asked Christopherson, with his gentle smile, when we had paused as if for leave-taking.

I replied that I did not remember to have come across his name before; then, on an impulse, asked whether he would care to have the book I carried in my hand; if so, with pleasure I would give it him. No sooner were the words spoken than I saw the delight they caused the hearer. He hesitated, murmured reluctance, but soon gratefully accepted my offer, and flushed with joy as he took the volume.

"I still have a few books," he said, under his breath, as if he spoke of something he was ashamed to make known. "But it is very rarely indeed that I can add to them. I feel I have not thanked you half enough—"

We shook hands and parted.

My lodging at that time was in Camden Town. One afternoon,

perhaps a fortnight later, I had walked for an hour or two, and on my way back I stopped at a bookstall in the High Street. Someone came up to my side; I looked, and recognised Christopherson. Our greeting was like that of old friends.

"I have seen you several times lately," said the broken gentleman, who looked shabbier than before in the broad daylight, "but I—I didn't like to speak. I live not far from here."

"Why, so do I"; and I added, without much thinking what I said, "do you live alone?"



"Indeed? The book used to belong to you?"

the freedom I am taking. Lovers of books—don't you think?"

The broken question was completed by his look, and when I said that I quite understood and agreed with him he again crowed his little laugh.

"Have you a large library?" he inquired, eyeing me wistfully.

"Oh dear, no. Only a few hundred volumes. Too many for one who has no house of his own."

He smiled good-naturedly, bent his head, and murmured just audibly:

"Alone? Oh, no. With my wife."

There was a curious embarrassment in his tone. His eyes were cast down, and his head moved uneasily.

We began to talk of the books on the stall, and, turning away together, continued our conversation. Christopherson was not only a well-bred but a very intelligent and even learned man. On his giving some proof of erudition (with the excessive modesty which characterised him), I asked whether he wrote. No, he had never written anything—never; he was only a book worm, he said. Thereupon he crowed faintly and took his leave.

It was not long before we again met by chance. We came face to face at a street corner in my neighbourhood, and I was struck by a change in him. He looked older; a profound melancholy darkened his countenance; the hand he gave me was limp, and his pleasure at our meeting found only a faint expression.

"I am going away," he said, in reply to my inquiring look. "I am leaving London."

"For good?"

"I fear so. And yet"—he made an obvious effort—"I am glad of it. My wife's health has not been very good lately. She has need of country air. Yes, I am glad we have decided to go away—very glad—very glad indeed!"

He spoke with an automatic sort of emphasis, his eyes wandering, and his hands twitching nervously. I was on the point of asking what part of the country he had chosen for his retreat, when he abruptly added:

"I live just over there. Will you let me show you my books?"

Of course I gladly accepted the invitation, and a couple of minutes' walk brought us to a house in a decent street where most of the ground-floor windows showed a card announcing lodgings. As we paused at the door, my companion seemed to hesitate, to regret having invited me.

"I'm really afraid it isn't worth your while," he said, timidly. "The fact is, I haven't space to show my books properly."

I put aside the objection, and we entered. With anxious courtesy, Christopherson led me up the narrow staircase to the second landing, and threw open a door. On the threshold I stood astonished. The room was a small one, and would in any case have only just sufficed for homely comfort, used, as it evidently was, for all day-time purposes; but certainly a third of the cubic space was occupied by a solid mass of books, volumes stacked several rows deep against two of the walls and almost up to the ceiling. A round table and two or three chairs were the only furniture—there was no room, indeed, for more. The window being shut, and the sunshine glowing upon it, an intolerable stuffiness oppressed the air. Never had I been made so uncomfortable by the odour of printed paper and bindings.

"But," I exclaimed, "you said you had only a *few* books! There must be five times as many here as I have."

"I forget the exact number," murmured Christopherson, in great agitation. "You see, I can't arrange them properly. I have a few more in—the other room."

He led me across the landing, opened another door, and showed me a little bed-room. Here the encumbrance was less remarkable, but one wall had completely disappeared behind volumes, and the bookishness of the air made it a disquieting thought that two persons occupied this chamber every night.

We returned to the sitting-room, and Christopherson began picking out books from the solid mass to show me. Talking nervously, brokenly, with now and then a deep sigh or a crow of laughter, he gave me a little light on his history. I learnt that he had occupied these lodgings for the last eight years; that he had been twice married; that the only child he had had, a daughter by his first wife, had died long ago in childhood; and, lastly—this came in a burst of confidence, with a very pleasant smile—that his second wife had been his daughter's governess. I listened with keen interest, and hoped to learn still more of the circumstances of this singular household.

"In the country," I remarked, "you will no doubt have shelf-room?"

At once his countenance fell; he turned upon me a woebegone eye. Just as I was about to speak again, sounds from within the house caught my attention; there was a heavy foot on the stairs, and a loud voice, which seemed familiar to me.

"Ah!" exclaimed Christopherson, with a start, "here comes someone who is going to help me in the removal of the books. Come in, Mr. Pomfret, come in!"

The door opened, and there appeared a tall, wiry fellow, whose sandy hair, light-blue eyes, jutting jawbones and large mouth made a picture suggestive of small refinement but of vigorous and wholesome manhood. No wonder I had seemed to recognise his voice. Though we only saw each other by chance at long intervals, Pomfret and I were old acquaintances.

"Hallo!" he roared out, "I didn't know you knew Mr. Christopherson."

"I'm just as much surprised to find that *you* know him," was my reply.

The old book-lover gazed at us in nervous astonishment, then shook hands with the newcomer, who greeted him bluntly, yet respectfully. Pomfret spoke with a strong Yorkshire accent, and had all the angularity of demeanour which marks the typical Yorkshireman. He came to announce that everything had been settled for the packing and transporting of Mr. Christopherson's library; it remained only to decide the day.

"There's no hurry," exclaimed Christopherson. "There's really no hurry. I'm greatly obliged to you, Mr. Pomfret, for all the trouble you are taking. We'll settle the date in a day or two—a day or two."

With a good-humoured nod, Pomfret moved to take his leave. Our eyes met; we left the house together. Out in the street again I took a deep breath of the

summer air, which seemed sweet as in a meadow after that stifling room. My companion evidently had a like sensation, for he looked up to the sky and broadened out his shoulders.

"Eh, but it's a grand day! I'd give something for a walk on Ilkley moors."

As the best substitute within our reach, we agreed to walk across Regent's Park together. Pomfret's business took him in that direction, and I was glad of the chance of a talk about Christopherson. I learnt that the old book-lover's landlady was Pomfret's aunt. Christopherson's story of affluence and ruin was quite true. Ruin complete; for at the age of forty he had been obliged to earn his living as a clerk, or something of the kind. About five years later came his second marriage.

"You know Mrs. Christopherson?" asked Pomfret. "No? I wish you did."

"Why?"

"Because she's the sort of woman it does you good to know, that's all. She's a lady—*my* idea of a lady. Christopherson's a gentleman too; there's no denying it; if he wasn't, I think I should have punched his head before now. Oh, I know 'em well; why, I lived in the house there with 'em for several years. She's a *lady* to the end of her little finger, and how her husband can 'a borne to see her living the life she has, it's more than I understand. By—! I'd have turned burglar, if I could 'a found no other way of keeping her in comfort."

"She works for her living, then?"

"Aye, and for his too. No, not teaching; she's in a shop in Tottenham Court Road; has what they call a 'good place,' and earns thirty shillings a week. It's all they have, but Christopherson buys books out of it."

"But has he never done anything since their marriage?"

"He did for the first few years, I believe; but he had an illness, and that was the end of it. Since then he's only loafed. He goes to all the book-sales, and spends the rest of his time sniffing about the secondhand shops. She? Oh, she'd never say a word! Wait till you've seen her."

"Well, but," I asked, "what has happened? How is it they're leaving London?"

"Aye, I'll tell you; I was coming to that. Mrs. Christopherson has relatives well off—a fat and selfish lot, as far as I can make out—never lifted a finger to help her until just now. One of them's a Mrs. Keeting, the widow of some City porpoise, I'm told. Well, this woman has a house down in Norfolk. She never lives there, but a son of hers goes there to fish and shoot now and then. Well, this is what Mrs. Christopherson tells my aunt, Mrs. Keeting has offered to let her and her husband live down yonder, rent-free, and their food provided. She's to be housekeeper, in fact, and keep the place ready for anyone who goes down."

"Christopherson, I can see, would rather stay where he is."

"Why, of course he doesn't know how he'll live without the book-shops. But he's glad for all that; on his wife's account. And it's none too soon, I can tell you. The poor woman couldn't go on much longer; my aunt says she's just about ready to drop, and sometimes, I know, she looks terribly bad. Of course, she won't own it, not she; she isn't one of the complaining sort. But she talks now and then about the country—the places where she used to live. I've heard her, and it gives me a notion of what she's gone through all these years. I saw her a week ago, just when she had Mrs. Keeting's offer, and I tell you I scarcely knew who it was! You never saw such a change in anyone in your life! Her face was like that of a girl of seventeen. And her laugh—you should have heard her laugh!"

"Is she much younger than her husband?" I asked.

"Twenty years, at least. She's about forty, I think."

I mused for a few moments.

"After all, it isn't an unhappy marriage?"

"Unhappy?" cried Pomfret. "Why, there's never been a disagreeable word between them, that I'll warrant. Once Christopherson gets over the change, they'll have nothing more in the world to ask for. He'll potter over his books—"

"You mean to tell me," I interrupted, "that those books have all been bought out of his wife's thirty shillings a week?"

"No, no. To begin with, he kept a few out of his old library. Then, when he was earning his own living, he bought a great many. He told me once that he's often lived on sixpence a day to have money for books."

"A rum old owl; but for all that he's a gentleman, and you can't help liking him. I shall be sorry when he's out of reach."

For my own part, I wished nothing better than to hear of Christopherson's departure. The story I had heard made me uncomfortable. It was good to think of that poor woman rescued at last from her life of toil, and in these days of midsummer free to enjoy the country she loved. A touch of envy mingled, I confess, with my thought of Christopherson, who henceforth had not a care in the world, and without reproach might delight in his hoarded volumes. One could not imagine that he would suffer seriously by the removal from his old haunts. I promised myself to call on him in a day or two. By choosing Sunday, I might perhaps be lucky enough to see his wife.

And on Sunday afternoon I was on the point of setting forth to pay this visit, when I came Pomfret. He wore a surly look, and kicked clumsily against the furniture as he crossed the room. His appearance was a surprise, for, though I had given him my address, I did not in the least expect that he would come to see me; a certain pride, I suppose, characteristic of his rugged strain, having always made him shy of such intimacy.

"Did you ever hear the like of *that*!" he shouted,

half angrily. "It's all over. They're not going. And all because of those blamed books!"

Amid spluttering and growling, he made known what he had just learnt at his aunt's house. On the previous afternoon the Christophersons had been surprised by a visit from their relative and would-be benefactress, Mrs. Keeting. Never before had that lady called upon them; she came, no doubt (this could only be conjectured), to speak with them of their approaching removal. The close of the conversation (a very brief one) was overheard by the landlady, for Mrs. Keeting spoke loudly as she descended the stairs. "Impossible! Quite impossible! I couldn't *think* of it! How could you dream for a moment that I would let you fill my house with musty old books? Most unhealthy! I never knew anything so extraordinary in my life, never!" And so she went out to her carriage, and was driven away. And the landlady, presently having occasion to go upstairs, was aware of a dead silence in the room where the Christophersons were sitting. She knocked—prepared with some excuse—and found the couple side by side, smiling sadly. At once they told her the truth. Mrs. Keeting had come because of a letter in which Mrs. Christopherson mentioned the fact that her husband had a good many books, and hoped he might be permitted to remove them to the house in Norfolk. She came to see the library—with the result already heard. They had the choice between sacrificing the books and losing what their relative offered.

"Christopherson refused?" I let fall.

"I suppose his wife saw that it was too much for him. At all events, they'd agreed to keep the books and lose the house. And there's an end of it. I haven't been so riled about anything for a long time!"

Meantime, I had been reflecting. It was easy for me to understand Christopherson's state of mind, and, without knowing Mrs. Keeting, I saw that she must be a person whose benefactions would be a good deal of a burden. After all, was Mrs. Christopherson so very unhappy? Was she not the kind of woman who lived by sacrifice—one who had far rather lead a life disagreeable to herself than change it at the cost of discomfort to her husband? This view of the matter irritated Pomfret, and he broke into objurgations, directed partly against Mrs. Keeting, partly against Christopherson. It was "an infernal shame," that was all he could say. And, after all, I rather inclined to his opinion.

When two or three days had passed, curiosity drew me towards the Christophersons' dwelling. Walking along the opposite side of the street, I looked up at their window, and there was the face of the old bibliophile. Evidently he was standing at the window in idleness, perhaps in trouble. At once he beckoned to me; but before I could knock at the house-door he had descended, and came out.

"May I walk a little way with you?" he asked.

There was worry on his features. For some moments we went on in silence.

"So you have changed your mind about leaving London?" I said, as if carelessly.

"You have heard from Mr. Pomfret? Well—yes, yes—I think we shall stay where we are—for the present."

Never have I seen a man more painfully embarrassed. He walked with head bent, shoulders stooping; and shuffled, indeed, rather than walked. Even so might a man bear himself who felt guilty of some peculiar meanness. Presently words broke from him.

"To tell you the truth, there's a difficulty about the books." He glanced furtively at me, and I saw he was trembling in all his nerves. "As you see, my circumstances are not brilliant." He half choked himself with a crow. "The fact is we were offered a house in the country, on certain conditions, by a relative of Mrs. Christopherson; and, unfortunately, it turned out that my library is regarded as an objection—a fatal objection. We have quite reconciled ourselves to staying where we are."

I could not help asking, without emphasis, whether Mrs. Christopherson would have cared for life in the country. But no sooner were the words out of my mouth than I regretted them, so evidently did they hit my companion in a tender place.

"I think she would have liked it," he answered, with a strangely pathetic look at me, as if he entreated my forbearance.

"But," I suggested, "couldn't you make some arrangement about the books? Couldn't you take a room for them in another house, for instance?"

Christopherson's face was sufficient answer; it reminded me of his pennilessness. "We think no more about it," he said. "The matter is settled—quite settled."

There was no pursuing the subject. At the next parting of the ways we took leave of each other.

I think it was not more than a week later when I received a postcard from Pomfret. He wrote: "Just as I expected. Mrs. C. seriously ill." That was all.

"Mrs. C." could, of course, only mean Mrs. Christopherson. I mused over the message—it took hold of my imagination, wrought upon my feelings; and that afternoon I again walked along the interesting street. There was no face at the window. After a little hesitation I decided to call at the house and speak with Pomfret's aunt. It was she who opened the door to me. We had never seen each other, but when I mentioned my name and said I was anxious to have news of Mrs. Christopherson, she led me into a sitting-room, and began to talk confidentially. She was a good-natured Yorkshirewoman, very unlike the common London landlady. Yes, Mrs. Christopherson had been taken ill two days ago. It began with a long fainting-fit. She had a feverish, sleepless night; the doctor was sent for, and he had her removed out of the stuffy, book-cumbered bed-room into another chamber, which, luckily, happened to be vacant. There she lay, utterly weak and worn, all but voiceless, able only to smile at her husband, who never moved from the bedside day or night. He, too, said the landlady,

would soon break down: he looked like a ghost, and seemed "half crazed." What, I asked, could be the cause of this illness? The good woman gave me an odd look, shook her head, and murmured that the reason was not far to seek. Did she think, I asked, that disappointment might have something to do with it? Why, of course she did. For a long time the poor lady had been all but at the end of her strength, and *this* came as a blow beneath which she sank.

"Your nephew and I have talked about it," I said. "He thinks that Mr. Christopherson didn't understand what a sacrifice he asked his wife to make."

"I think so too," was the reply. "But he begins to see it now, I can tell you. He says nothing, but—"

There was a tap at the door, and a hurried, tremulous voice begged the landlady to go upstairs.

"What is it, Sir?" she asked.

"I'm afraid she's worse," said Christopherson, turning his haggard face to me, with startled recognition. "Do come up at once, please."

Without a word to me he disappeared with the landlady. I could not go away; for some ten minutes I fidgeted about the little room, listening to every sound in the house. Then came a footfall on the stairs, and the landlady rejoined me.

"It's nothing," she said.

"I almost think she might drop off to sleep, if she's left quiet. He worries her, poor man, sitting there and asking her every two minutes how she feels. I've persuaded him to go to his room, and I think it might do him good if you went and had a bit o' talk with him."

I mounted at once to the second-floor sitting-room, and found Christopherson sunk upon a chair, his head falling forwards, the image of despairing misery. As I approached he staggered to his feet. He took my hand in a shrinking, shame-faced way, and could not raise his eyes. I uttered a few words of encouragement, but they had the opposite effect to that I designed.

"Don't talk like that," he moaned, half resentfully. "She's dying—she's dying—say what they will, I know it."

"Have you a good doctor?"

"I think so—but it's too late—it's too late."

As he dropped to his chair again I sat down by him. The silence of a minute or two was broken by a thunderous rat-tat at the house-door. Christopherson leapt to his feet, rushed from the room; I, half fearing that he had gone mad, followed to the head of the stairs. In a moment he came up again, limp and wretched as before.

"It was the postman," he muttered. "I am expecting a letter."

Conversation seeming impossible, I shaped a phrase preliminary to withdrawal; but Christopherson would not let me go.

"I should like to tell you," he began, looking at me like a dog under punishment, "that I have done all I could. As soon as my wife fell ill, and when I saw—I had only begun to think of it in that way—how she felt the disappointment, I went at once to Mrs. Keeting's house to tell her that I would sell the books. But she was out of town. I wrote to her—I said I regretted my folly—I entreated her to forgive me and to renew her kind offer. There has been plenty of time for a reply, but she doesn't answer."

He had in his hand what I saw was a bookseller's catalogue, just delivered by the postman. Mechanically he tore off the wrapper, and even glanced over the first page. Then, as if conscience stabbed him, he flung the thing violently away.

"The chance has gone!" he exclaimed, taking a hurried step or two along the little strip of floor left free by the mountain of books. "Of course she said she would rather stay in London! Of course she said what she knew would please me! When—when did she ever say anything else! And I was cruel enough—base enough—to let her make the sacrifice!" He waved his arms frantically. "Didn't I know what it cost her? Couldn't I see in her face how her heart leapt at the hope

of going to live in the country! I knew what she was suffering; I *knew* it, I tell you! And, like a selfish coward, I let her suffer—I let her drop down and die—die!"

"Any hour," I said, "may bring you the reply from Mrs. Keeting. Of course it will be favourable, and the good news."

"Too late. I have killed her! That woman won't write. She's one of the vulgar rich, and we offended her pride; and such as she never forgive."

He sat down for a moment, but started up again in an agony of mental suffering.

"She is dying—and there, there, that's what has killed her!" He gesticulated wildly towards the books. "I have sold her life for those. Oh!—oh!"

With this cry he seized half-a-dozen volumes, and,

gaming. I couldn't resist the temptation—though every day I cried shame upon myself and swore to overcome it. She never blamed me; never a word—nay, not a look—of reproach. And all the time her life was being worn away. I lived in idleness; I never tried to save her that daily toil at the shop. Do you know that she worked in a shop?—she, with her knowledge and her refinement, leading such a life as that! Think that I have passed the shop a thousand times, coming home with a book in my hand! I had the heart to pass, and to think of *her* there! Oh!—oh!"

Someone was knocking at the door. I went to open, and saw the landlady, her face set in astonishment, and her arms full of books.

"It's all right," I whispered. "Put them down on the floor there; don't bring them in. An accident."

Christopherson stood behind me; his look asked what he durst not speak. I said it was nothing, and by degrees brought him into a calmer state. Luckily, the doctor came before I went away, and he was able to report a slight improvement. The patient had slept a little, and seemed likely to sleep again. Christopherson asked me to come again before long—there was no one else, he said, who cared anything about him—and I promised to call the next day.

I did so, early in the afternoon. Christopherson must have watched for my coming; before I could raise the knocker the door flew open, and his face gleamed such a greeting as astonished me. He grasped my hand in both his.

"The letter has come!"

"We are to have the house!"

"And how is Mrs. Christopherson?"

"Better, much better, heaven be thanked! She slept almost from the time when you left yesterday afternoon till early this morning. The letter came by the first post, and I told her—not the whole truth," he added, under his breath. "She thinks I am to be allowed to take the books with me; and if you could have seen her smile of contentment! But they will all be sold and carried away before she knows about it; and when she sees that I don't care a snap of the fingers—!"

He had turned into the sitting-room on the ground-floor. Walking about excitedly, Christopherson gloried in the sacrifice he had made. Already a letter was dispatched to a bookseller, who would buy the whole library as it stood. But would he not keep a few volumes, I asked. Surely there could be no objection to a few shelves of books; and how would he live without them? At first he declared vehemently that not a volume should be kept—he never wished to see a book again as long as he lived. But Mrs. Christopherson?—I urged. Would she not be glad of something to read now and then? At this he grew pensive. We discussed the matter, and it was arranged that a box should be packed with select volumes and taken down into Norfolk together with the rest of their luggage. Not even Mrs. Keeting could object to this, and I strongly advised him to take her permission for granted.

And so was it done. By discreet management the

piled volumes were stowed in bags, carried downstairs, emptied into a cart, and conveyed away, so quietly that the sick woman was aware of nothing. In telling me about it, Christopherson crowed as I had never heard him; but methought his eye avoided that part of the floor which had formerly been hidden and in the course of our conversation he now and then became absent, with head bowed. Of the joy he felt in his wife's recovery there could, however, be no doubt. The crisis through which he had passed had made him, in appearance, a yet older man; when he declared his happiness tears came to his eyes, and his head shook with a senile tremor.

Before they left London I saw Mrs. Christopherson—a pale, thin, slightly made woman, who had never been what is called good-looking; but her face, if ever face did so, declared a brave and loyal spirit. She was not joyous, she was not sad; but in her eyes, as I looked at them again and again, I read the profound thankfulness of one to whom fate has granted her soul's desire.

THE END.



"They shall all go!" he cried. . . . "They have killed my dear wife!"

before I could understand what he was about, he had flung up the window-sash, and cast the books into the street. Another batch followed; I heard the thud upon the pavement. Then I caught him by the arm, held him fast, begged him to control himself.

"They shall all go!" he cried. "I loathe the sight of them. They have killed my dear wife!"

He said it sobbing, and at the last word tears streamed from his eyes. I had no difficulty now in restraining him. He met my look with a gaze of infinite pathos, and talked on while he wept.

"If you knew what she has been to me! When she married me I was a ruined man twenty years older. I have given her nothing but toil and care. You shall know everything—for years and years I have lived on the earnings of her labour. Worse than that, I have starved and stinted her to buy books. Oh, the shame of it! The wickedness of it! It was my vice—the vice that enslaved me, just as if it had been drinking or

THE DEVELOPMENT IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF SUBMARINES.—I.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, P. FRENZENY.



I. THE LOOK-OUT BOX USED WHILE RUNNING ON THE SURFACE. II. THE COMPARTMENT AND TAP FOR REGULATING THE WATER BALLAST. III. PREPARING TO LAUNCH A TORPEDO FROM A SUBMERGED SUBMARINE.
A TRIAL TRIP IN THE LATEST-BUILT SUBMARINE.

The latest submarine, in which our Artist, Mr. Frenzeny, went below the Thames, is driven by electricity, the power being furnished by a petrol or alcohol motor, the fumes from which make the atmosphere in the vessel anything but pleasant. This and the pressure of the air, which increases as the vessel descends, cause great inconvenience to the inmates. The electric motor is noiseless, and the movement of the boat while submerged is imperceptible. The submarine is sunk and raised by the filling or emptying of water-compartments.

THE DEVELOPMENT IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF SUBMARINES.—II.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, P. FRENZENY.



IV. STEERING BY THE AID OF THE PERISCOPE WHILE SUBMERGED. V. WATCHING THE MANOMETERS WHILE RUNNING SUBMERGED. VI. THE DIVER AT WORK, AND THE OUTLET OF THE DIVER'S WELL.
A TRIAL TRIP IN THE LATEST-BUILT SUBMARINE.

By means of the periscope, the captain of the submarine is enabled to see what is occurring on the surface until a depth of thirty feet, the full height of the instrument, is attained. Then the boat is steered with the aid of a well-compensated compass and the gyroscope, while microphones convey the sound of approaching vessels. Every movement of the captain is automatically registered in the compartment below, and vice versa. The officer at the steering-table has entire control of the vessel, discharging his torpedoes, reversing his engines, working the horizontal or vertical rudders, and sinking or raising the vessel as required, by touching a switch or pressing a button.



The Queen.

Mr. Farguharson
of Invercauld.

Princes of Wales.

The King. Duke of Fife. Prince Albert. Prince Edward
of Wales.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: THEIR MAJESTIES WITNESSING THE HIGHLAND DANCING.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SCOTLAND.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A highly important paper upon a subject of the keenest interest to sportsmen will be found in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. The paper comes from the pen of Mr. G. Teasdale Buckell, and deals with the cause and origin of the grouse-disease. Needless to say, the subject is one regarding which a vast amount of controversy has taken place. At present I think we rest on somewhat more stable ground than did our forefathers, or, for that matter, than we rested ourselves some thirty or so years ago. I may lay claim to possess a special interest in the topic of grouse-disease. Away back in the seventies I had a very large number of diseased birds sent to me for purposes of examination. In those days the science of bacteriology, which deals with the ways and works of microbes, was practically non-existent. We knew not the bacillus of tuberculosis, and we were unaware that many other ailments could be traced to the development in the animal body of microscopic foes. Therefore, when my researches were made, I had to judge of the ailment according to the science of the day. As regards grouse disease, that science varied widely in its interpretation of the causes of the malady.

The late Dr. Cobbold attributed the disease to the presence of internal parasites, affecting the digestive system. This investigator had made the subject of parasites a special study. He was therefore naturally inclined to see in the presence of these "unbidden guests" in the grouse the cause of the special disease which decimated the moors. But one never dissects grouse without finding all kinds of parasites in them—at least, one finds a wide variety of these intruders. I came to the conclusion, indeed, that if parasites were the cause of the disease, every bird should have been afflicted with a fatal malady. I do not think anybody accepted the parasitic theory seriously. It was too obviously simple, and did not meet the facts of the case. The game-keeper scouted it, because he knew that parasitically infected birds were universal, whether healthy or diseased. The parasites found in grouse, it may be added, are of different kinds, and include both tape-worms and round worms. The latter are very commonly found in the little blind appendages of the bird's intestine.

My own researches were embodied in a paper which I published in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*. I indicated therein that my investigations had led me to believe that the nature of the grouse-disease was that of an inflammatory trouble especially affecting the upper air-passages of the birds. The dissection of some hundreds of diseased grouse showed the presence of inflammation of the windpipe, with signs and symptoms of that process affecting the lungs. I compared it to a kind of pleuro-pneumonia, and suggested that it was of an infectious type. This, as I have said, was in the 'seventies, and the matter rested there for many a long day. Epidemics of grouse-disease came and went, and we were no nearer the solution of the problem of the real origin of the ailment than were our forefathers.

The next epoch was marked by the publication a year or two ago of a brochure on the grouse-disease from the pen of Dr. Klein, the well-known bacteriologist. In that book he attributes to me the recognition of the disease as an infectious trouble specially attacking the upper air-passages and lungs of the grouse. What Dr. Klein accomplished was the tracking down of the particular bacillus or microbe to which the affection owed its origin, and from the diffusion of which infection was spread. The life history of this germ has been duly investigated. Dr. Klein has shown that it is probably air-borne. He does not think it can be conveyed by water or food, and this view is justified, I think, by the fact that it was the lungs and not the digestive system which was specially seen to be the seat of the ailment.

Dr. Klein's experiments appear to prove that the ailment is air-borne, seeing that infected grouse confined in a cage with healthy birds may convey the disease to the latter. The article in the *Fortnightly Review* gives a very fair *résumé* of the subject, the writer inclining to the belief that the grouse-disease, like malarial fever, is conveyed from diseased to healthy birds by means of mosquitoes, or "midges" as we term them here. He remarks that midges can be seen in numbers on the bodies of grouse just dead of the disease, and his view is that inoculation of the healthy birds by means of the flies is the mode whereby the disease spreads. Assuming that the microbes of the ailment exist in the blood of the affected birds, it may well be that the mosquito can obtain the germs, and by its bite inoculate other grouse. That which would go a long way towards settling the question, as the writer of the article indicates, would be the infection of grouse in a district absolutely free from disease by mosquitoes derived from an area known and proved to be affected with the disease. This would not be difficult of accomplishment. The liberality of proprietors or lessees of moors should be equal to the task of providing material, and the co-operation of keepers should be easy to secure. There would thus be a fair chance of settling this latest view of infection.

That which has been settled is that the disease is infectious, that it is of the nature of a lung-inflammation, and that it owes its origin to the work of a specific microbe. Beyond this lies the mode of infection. It is perfectly conceivable that the microbes may be conveyed by the diet, for the taking of food containing the microbes may readily enough mean the infection of the lungs. A search for the microbe in the food of the birds might be rewarded by definite results; but failing this the *Fortnightly's* views are worthy consideration. It is so easy for infection to happen through midges, whose every bite is really an inoculation. I suggest an examination of the midges. If they carry the germs, the microbes will be found in their bodies, as in the case of malarial fever.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

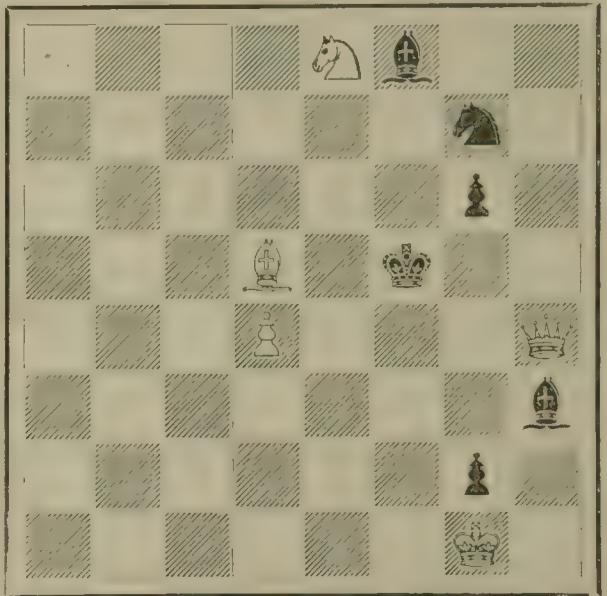
Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

HERBERT A. SALWAY.—Will you kindly send another diagram of No. 100? HENRY WHITTEN.—Much obliged. CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3033 received from J. E. (Valparaiso); of Nos. 3038 and 3040 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3042 from J. Bailey (Newark); of No. 3043 from Joseph Cook, W. H. Bohn (Ryde), Frank W. Atkinson (Crowthorne), and Emile Frau; of No. 3044 from Major Nangle (Dublin), J. F. Moon, J. H. Carroll (Alresford), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), A. G. (Pancsova), W. H. Bohn (Ryde), Joseph Whittingham (Twickenham), and F. B. (Worthing).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3045 received from Charles Burnett, H. S. Brandreth (Bath), F. J. S. (Hampstead), Shadforth, G. Bakker (Rotterdam), Sorrento, Thomas M. Eglinton (Birmingham), W. H. Bohn, T. Roberts, Martin F. Henry H. Moore (Devonport), Joseph Whittingham (Twickenham), Alpha, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Albert Wolff (Putney), R. Worters (Canterbury), Reginald Gordon, I. L. B. W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R. H. Day (Brixton Hill), J. W. (Campsie), A. Hall, and Rev. A. Mays (Bedford).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3041.—By J. S. BOYD. WHITE. 1. Q to Q Kt 8th. 2. Q to K 8th. 3. Q to Kt 5th, mate. If Black play 1. K to Q 2nd, 2. Kt to Q 4th; and if 1. K to B 4th, 2. Kt to Q 4th (ch), K moves; 3. P to K 6th (dis. ch), and mate.

PROBLEM No. 3047. By W. FINLAYSON. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN NORWICH.

Game played in the Tourney between Messrs. F. BROWN and G. E. WAINWRIGHT. (Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. W.) 1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th 2. B to Kt 5th P to B 3rd 3. P takes P P to Q B 4th 4. B to K 3rd P to K 4th 5. P to Q B 3rd B to K 3rd 6. P to K Kt 3rd Kt to Q 2nd 7. P to Q Kt 4th P to K B 4th 8. B to Kt 2nd K Kt to B 3rd 9. Kt to B 3rd P to K K 3rd 10. Kt to R 4th K to B 2nd 11. Kt takes P B takes Kt 12. B takes P (ch) Kt takes B 13. Q takes Kt (ch) B to K 3rd 14. Q takes P B to K 2nd 15. Castles Kt to B 3rd 16. P to K B 4th B to Q 2nd 17. Q to R 6th Q to B 4th 18. Kt to Q 2nd P to K 5th 19. P to B 5th K R to K sq 20. R to B 4th K to Kt sq 21. Q R to K B sq 22. Q takes Q B takes Q 23. P to B 4th B to Q sq 24. Kt to Kt 3rd B to B 2nd 25. R to R 4th P to Q R 4th 26. P to Kt 5th P to R 5th 27. Kt to Q 4th Q R to Q sq 28. Kt to K 6th B to K 4th 29. Kt takes R R takes Kt 30. P to B 6th R takes Kt 31. P takes B B takes B P 32. B to B 4th R to Q B sq 33. P to K 3rd B to Kt 3rd 34. R to Kt sq B takes P 35. K to B 2nd Kt to Q 2nd 36. R to Q B sq Kt to B 4th 37. R to B 2nd Kt to Q 6th (ch) 38. K to K 2nd Kt to Kt 5th 39. R to Q 2nd R takes P 40. B to K 5th Kt to Q 6th 41. B to Q 4th B to R 4th 42. R takes K P Kt to B 8th (ch) 43. K to Q sq B takes R 44. K takes B Kt takes P 45. R to K 7th Kt to Kt 5th 46. R takes P (ch) K to B sq 47. R to Kt 7th K to K sq 48. P to B 6th Resigns.

Another game played in the Tourney between Messrs. R. LOMAN and R. P. MICHELL. (Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. M.) 1. P to K 4th R to Q sq 2. P to K B 4th Castles 3. B to B 4th Kt to Kt 3rd 4. K to B sq Kt takes P 5. B takes P K R to K sq 6. Kt to K 3rd K Kt to B 4th 7. P to K R 4th Q to Kt 3rd 8. P to Q 4th B takes B 9. Kt to B 3rd B takes P (ch) 10. B to B 4th B to K 5th 11. Kt to Kt 5th Q to K 7th 12. P takes R R takes Kt 13. Kt to K 5th B takes Kt 14. P takes B B to K 5th 15. K to Kt 2nd B takes R 16. K to Kt sq Q to K 7th 17. R takes B Q to K 8th 18. Q to Q 4th R to K 7th 19. K to Kt 2nd Black wins. 20. P takes R R takes P 21. Kt to K 5th B takes Kt 22. P takes B B takes P 23. K to Kt 2nd B to K 5th 24. K to Kt sq B takes R 25. R takes B Q to K 7th 26. Q to Q 4th Q to K 8th 27. K to Kt 2nd R to K 7th 28. P takes R R takes P 29. Kt to K 5th B takes Kt 30. P takes B B to K 5th 31. K to Kt 2nd B takes R 32. Q to Q 4th Q to K 7th 33. K to Kt 2nd Black wins.

The Norwich Chess Tournament, after a pleasant gathering, ended with the following results: for the Amateur Championship, Mr. R. P. Michell, of London, was first with the fine score of 103 points out of a possible 111. Mr. R. Loman was second with a score of 90, and Messrs. Blake and Brown were third with 77 wins each. In the second-class competition Messrs. Adcock and West divided the first and second prizes; Mr. Anderson was third, and Mr. A. D. Densham fourth. In the third-class tournament the order was: 1. Mr. W. T. Dickinson, 2. Rev. W. E. Evill, 3. Messrs. R. Dawes and H. Bembridge. In all there were forty-six competitors.

MORE CHATEAUX OF TOURAINE.

Chinon, the French Windsor of our Plantagenet Kings, which Rabelais describes as "ville insigne, ville noble, ville antique," rises above the little river Vienne some leagues from its junction with the Loire. His spirit broken at the fall of Tours, it was to Chinon that our Henry II. was carried to his deathbed, cursing his sons, and murmuring at intervals, "Shame, shame, on a conquered King!" In one of the rooms of the castle still shown to visitors, Joan of Arc singled out from a crowd of courtiers the disguised Dauphin, and told him the "secrets known only to himself and to God." It was an immense feudal castle, looking over town and river from a cliff nearly 300 ft. high, though little is now left but crumbling walls and a few tall towers. The ruins are for some reason strangely white, and not of the tawny colour of the other weather-beaten castles of the district. There are really three fortresses joined by bridges, the central and most important of the three, called the Château du Milieu, being the oldest part. This occupies the site of a Roman camp. Then there is the Château of Saint Georges, nearly gone now, which defended the approaches at their weakest point. At the other end is the Château of Coudray, whose strong towers are in fairly good preservation.

In the direction of Tours the next tributary of the Loire is the River Indre, a gentle, peaceful stream that winds across green meadows among fine trees slowly and almost drowsily under its burden of waterlilies. In addition to the fine Renaissance manor-house of Azay-le-Rideau, which we illustrated recently, and further up the river, are Montbazou and Loches. At Montbazou across the trees by the riverside appear the roofs of a village street with smoking chimneys. Above them upon a rock frowns the castle keep with some scraps of towers. It is a big square donjon pierced with few windows, cracked and notched at the summit, which bears on one of its angles a huge statue of the Virgin. This donjon dates from the beginning of the eleventh century, when the famous Fulk Nerra sought to blockade Tours by a ring of fortresses perched upon hills of strategic importance. Among the trees, a little way from Montbazou, is the castle of Couzières, which recalls the story of the Abbé de Rancé. A light and lovely Duchesse de Montbazou, who had more than a passing acquaintance with the Abbé, died suddenly on a journey to Rome. The Abbé had also been away on a journey, and on his return, hardly stopping at his own manor of Veretz, he flew gaily to Couzières expecting to meet the Duchesse. He arrived about the same time as the body was brought home, and when he saw his lady's beauty marred by the way she had been crushed into an inadequate coffin, the shock drove him for ever from the world. He sought a living sepulchre in the sombre rigours of la Trappe. Loches lies further south; its castle suggests in silhouette a crown on the top of an escutcheon. Time has dealt kindly by this old city, sparing it the decayed look common, if not proper, to such antiquity. Dipping right into the river, the town rises on a gentle slope. In front, at one end of the little bridge, is the fine gate of the Cordeliers, the Franciscans, drawn in our illustration. It is a square building flanked at the four angles with elegant towers upon a beautiful machicolated gallery, a good example of the fortifications of Charles VII. When Lord Crawford, the commander of the Scottish Guards, was arresting Dunois and the Duke of Orleans, Quentin Durward could hear the former whisper, "Do you carry us to Plessis?" "No, my unhappy and rash friend," answered Crawford with a sigh, "to Loches." This dreaded castle, the sound of whose name "fell like a death-toll" upon Quentin Durward's ear, is partly in ruins, with a tall white donjon tower overhanging a rocky precipice. The tower is of twelfth-century Norman work. In one of the smaller and less ancient towers beside it are the Cachots, which made the name of Loches such a terror in the reign of Louis XI. In these dimly lighted dungeons existed up to 1789 some of the iron cages said to have been invented by Cardinal Balue, in which the prisoner could neither stand upright nor stretch himself at length.

On the right bank of the Loire, a short distance from Tours, lying among poplars close to the river, is the village of Luynes. The cliff, which is here honeycombed with caves and subterranean dwellings, is crowned by a fifteenth-century castle. Behind a pretty group of old buildings, including some timber houses, a stairway rises to it. Little gardens and more houses accommodate themselves with the different levels of the incline under the old broken walls. The castle is a lumpish building, with sullen grey towers. Luynes was formerly called Maillé, its present name coming to it from Charles d'Albert de Luynes, Grand Falconer of France, who bought the seigneurie. He was a Gascon gentleman who came to the Court of Henry IV. with nothing but his nobility and his wits. Under Louis XIII. he made a large fortune, and became a sort of French Pooh Bah, holding at the same time the posts of First Minister, Grand Chancellor, and High Constable. There are in the neighbourhood the remains of an old Roman aqueduct and an interesting fifteenth-century chapel. Chaumont is a castle between Amboise and Blois, on the south side of the Loire, among the meadows and trees facing the slopes of Onzain, where there was once a grand seignorial residence. It stands on a steep hill above the village, as usual, its great round towers making a fierce profile against the sky. Erected in the second half of the fifteenth century, it is a castle of the last epoch of such buildings in the feudal style and tradition, and with all the usual defences: deep moat, drawbridge, high and strong curtain walls, big towers, battlements, and machicolations. The device of a "chaud mont," or burning hill, is clearly visible in the stonework.

Chaumont is the château which Catherine de Medicis obliged Diane de Poitiers to receive in exchange for Chenonceaux on the death of Henry II. The visitor is shown the room of Diane, ornamented with emblematic crescents, Catherine's chamber, and the room of Ruggieri, the best-known of her inseparable astrologers. In this castle Ruggieri one day called up for her benefit the dead Kings of France, and began to summon those of the future, when the Queen broke the charm in dread of seeing her son followed by the abhorred face of Henry of Navarre.



PICTURESQUE FRANCE: CHÂTEAUX OF TOURAINE.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.

(See Article on opposite page.)

LADIES' PAGE.

Study of the facts has convinced me that it is quite a mistake to suppose that there are too many women in this country for all the various forms of work that are open to them. When we come to consider the different classes of women, however, and to ask ourselves what wage-earning work there is possible for educated girls who have always led refined lives, and desire to continue to do so, the problem becomes more difficult. The wish to rise in the world is, of course, a natural one, and one that nowadays society is so far from deprecating or attempting to



A CLOTH COAT WITH CORD ORNAMENTS.

control, that free education and many other social arrangements are deliberately planned to enable the more capable minds born amidst the lower classes to rise into the upper ranks. But the result is that many girls who would be useful, valued, and in their true place as domestic workers, insist upon pushing into the ranks of what appears to them a superior class by becoming clerks and typists. The result is a deficiency of domestics, and a superabundance of ill-educated and incompetent shorthand typists, while the girls of middle-class families, obliged to enter into competition for clerical situations with the working girls who are trying to raise themselves, still find it difficult to get remunerative places.

There is one employment which educated and refined girls have not yet turned their attention to in any large numbers, but which is suitable for them, and in which they might be useful, and not have any really disagreeable work; I mean the occupation of elementary-school mistresses. Here they would, of course, have to teach the children of the working classes; and in some of the larger towns (where the best salaries are paid) this would involve spending the working day in a grimy neighbourhood, and among not over-clean youngsters; but there are plenty of country schools in which even this much of unpleasant conditions does not obtain. Refinement, good manners, correctness of speech, and some broad general culture would all be great qualifications for an elementary-school mistress, and make her more valuable to the children under her care. This is decidedly an opening for high-school girls that some of them would do wisely to accept. In order to encourage their entry into the profession, there are special regulations, diminishing the time of training for those who have passed a University local examination. A girl of seventeen or eighteen who has taken this needs nothing more than technical training in the management of children and the art of teaching, which it is the purpose of a training college to supply. There is a special training institution at Salisbury, called "The Hostel," for girls in this superior position of life; and another, "The Bishop Otter Memorial College," at Chichester, is primarily for the daughters of professional men who wish to train as elementary-school mistresses. Whitelands Training College, Chelsea, also specially invites girls from upper schools, and so does St. Helen's, Cheltenham. The last-named is described as "undenominational"; the others are Church of England.

There are many signs that the occupation of nursing, which has been so popular with educated girls of late years, is getting rather overdone. Miss Mollett, the matron of the Royal Hospital, Southampton, writing in the *British Journal of Nursing*, attributes the feeling of discouragement about their position which is overtaking a good many nurses largely to the public criticism, one might almost say abuse, to which they have been exposed in print during the last few years. She points out that the displeasure which people frequently express, that the nurses keep the patient's friends out of the room, depends very often upon the patient's own entreaty, under the lassitude and irritation of severe suffering. She complains that the lectures addressed to nurses teem with advice to them to propitiate the servants, which she considers should not be necessary if the mistress of the house is really the mistress. Alas! nowadays servants are people who have to be propitiated. After complaining that food and sleep are very often not properly arranged for a nurse, she winds up by saying to the public: "The attitude you are taking with regard to trained nurses, your senseless jealousies, your harshness, your indifference, are gradually squeezing out of the ranks of private nurses exactly those for whom you are clamouring. The sensitive well-bred woman will not lay herself open to be classed with most undesirable women, and railed at in print." No doubt this is very true.

During last Session a Royal Commission sat upon the adulteration of food, and its report has now been presented. It recommends, among other things, that the use of preservatives in milk, such as borax and salicylic acid, should be entirely forbidden. That this would be a most valuable regulation in the interest of the babies who are being brought up by hand, and also of elder children, who should rely largely upon milk for their food, is unquestionable. There are many ways in which milk can be prevented from going sour too rapidly, without the addition of powerful drugs, the effects of which upon the delicate constitution of a child cannot but be harmful. An American lady has invented a process which she calls "aerated milk," and which she claims effectually prevents the rapid souring of the precious fluid. She strains the milk twice, immediately on getting it from the cow, and then it runs slowly over the surface of a large metal cone, the hollow interior of which is filled with crushed ice. From the receptacle into which the chilled milk falls, it is drawn at once into glass jars of various sizes, and these are sealed up ready for delivery to the customers, so that it can be neither adulterated nor accidentally contaminated after leaving the dairy. Some of the Colonial Governments have a law that milk shall be treated in a somewhat similar way—that is to say, immediately passed over a cooler after being drawn from the cow. Many English authorities maintain, on the contrary, that heat is a better steriliser. But the point for us housewives and mothers is that if the advice of the Royal Commission be followed, there will be no difficulty in treatment being applied to the necessary food of infants which will prevent rapid souring, and yet not contaminate the milk with chemicals.

This has been an exceptional autumn in the theatrical world of London. This week I have been to two delightful new productions—and that is a rare circumstance at this season. One of them was "The Marriage of Kitty," in which, among other diverting things, Miss Marie Tempest gives an amusing lesson in the value of putting on one's clothes properly. Kitty, being a poor girl seeking some occupation, lends herself to a temporary marriage to defeat an unkind uncle's will on the distinct understanding that the marriage is to be only legal, and that the married couple are to part at the first stage on the honeymoon journey, in order that, in course of time, when the property is secured, the bridegroom may be divorced from Kitty and marry the lady of his affections, a Peruvian widow. To silence the scruples of this lady, smart Kitty is called on suddenly to make herself look as ugly and dowdy as possible for inspection. Her gown is a pretty travelling-frock of black-and-white check tweed, cut with a *chic* little basque, and in the Russian coat style, fastening up the left side with a double row of small white bone buttons and black cords; it is cut down a little round the throat to show a white yoke and black cravat. Pippings of white decorate both skirt and blouse. Nothing could be desired better in every detail. Well, the white-and-black neck arrangement comes off, and a loose white frill is pulled out, and a bit of pink tape is tied round under the chin; then the blouse is dragged up from beneath the belt, so that the fit disappears, the belt itself is slackened, and the skirt is pulled awry—and in half a minute, the erstwhile smart young woman becomes an absolute dowdy scrub! The lesson is or should be most effective. There are too many women who dress themselves with an oblivion to the finish and management of their toilette that produces the same effect as Kitty enters upon as a set task—and the way in which by such mere trifling details an excellent get-up can be transformed is really startling.

Of course, Miss Marie Tempest (whose courage in making the transformation is very engaging—it shows such confidence in us, her public) indemnifies herself in the later scenes, in which she undertakes the feat of convincing the man who has married her to trick a testator that she is really the wife he wants. There is a lovely tea-gown in pink-painted gauze, with a front of plain white lace and ribbon, and a row of pink ribbon finished off with a big rosette to end it round the top of the much-painted flounce *en forme*. There is another tea-gown in lovely white lace and pink muslin, with embroideries in many colours daintily placed on the basque. But Miss Ellis Jeffreys, as the Peruvian widow, of course is not left behind in the accessory of dress to carry on her battle. Her dark and dashing beauty is set off by a capital dress in cardinal voile. The skirt is made plain at the top, to give the effect of a yoke round the hips; then come two rows of scarlet ribbon, into which are set

the tops of a multitude of tiny pleats that stop at four or five inches depth, so as to leave a fullness; but this is again caught under two more rows of ribbon, beneath which are more tiny pleats, the flounce thus produced falling full round the feet. This red gown has blue ribbon arranged in a sort of small Greek key pattern on the yoke and vest—a curious but perfectly successful combination. Another of Miss Jeffreys' gowns is white embroidered crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with black satin ribbon. The embroidery appears as a flounce round the tucked skirt, and the ribbon is run through slits on the front and sleeves, tied loosely, and left hanging with tassels.

The other play was "Chance the Idol," in which Miss Lena Ashwell gives such a fine performance. What nervous force and intensity of conviction, holding the audience spellbound, go into this fine impersonation! Since the scene is laid at Monte Carlo, it goes without saying that there is scope here for good dressing. The poor girl, the Exeter bank clerk's daughter, who comes to try to win her lover back by paying his debts with a small fortune that she has inherited, and, when she finds that her all is insufficient, gambles to try to make enough to purchase him with, looks enviously on the gorgeous gowns of the other women. "You thought yours fine enough when it came home at Exeter," says her father; and so no doubt one might consider the little white cashmere frock with its chené ribbon bands for trimmings. But the two costumes with which she replaces it out of her winnings are quite another story, though they are too much like one another. One is all truly beautiful embroidery; mother-o'-pearl sequins are all over it, relieved by large raised wheat-ears in silver, and there are heliotrope silk belt and sleeve-puffs. The other gown is white gauze trimmed with bands of lace worked with silver sequins. Another dress that comes out well is a white soft material, with a flounce of white silk, much deeper at the back than at the front, heavily embroidered with white. Down the front of the bodice there is a twist of black velvet ribbon held in place by a series of small diamond buckles, and behind, the little basque is headed by two crossed bands of velvet centred with a buckle.

Our Illustrations show the new seven-eighth length coats. They are made in light cloth, and trimmed with



A CLOTH COAT WITH CORD TRIMMINGS PASSED THROUGH SLITS.

velvet and cord motifs: in one case the cord trimmings pass through slits cut in the material.

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MUSIC.

It is delightful to hear that the English opera season at Covent Garden is proving itself to be a financial as well as an artistic success. It has relied chiefly on popular operas for its programme, but on Thursday, Sept. 11, a work once very popular in England, now practically forgotten, was revived, and considerable interest resulted, for a comparison of the mid-Victorian taste in music with our more cultivated and more critical taste in this new century is always attractive. "The Lily of Killarney," composed by Benedict, was once as popular as "The Bohemian Girl," though in reality it deserves a higher place in the scale of music. The composer, Benedict, was a pupil of Weber, and is impregnated with his methods of composition. Melody is, of course, its principal charm, but it is written with distinction and originality. It is old-fashioned now, and lacking in anything approaching complex orchestration, but it is by no means sickly or sentimental, as is so much of Balfe's work, with which it is almost contemporary. There is a strong libretto, a dramatic, or rather melodramatic, tale, and the music is aptly illustrative. This will prevent it ever becoming quite out of date, for it has vitality and force. The Moody-Manners Opera Company is really excellent, and has the nice balance and perfection of *ensemble* that result from careful training and repeated performances. The smoothness of stage-management and thoroughness of the chorus are particularly to be commended. Madame Fanny Moody sang the rôle of the heroine, and was a charming Eily O'Connor: her voice and acting had charm and were admirable. Mr. Joseph O'Mara could not be surpassed as Myles-na-Coppaleen, the Irish peasant; and Mr. Charles Magrath was excellent as Father Tom. Among other members of the company, good work was done by Miss Lily Moody and Mr. William Dever, to whom fell the celebrated "Colleen Bawn" song, which won him an encore.

The Worcester Musical Festival has been a great success, and a varied selection of composers and compositions has been arranged for. The Festival Orchestra during the past week has given admirably four symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Tchaikowsky; and Bach, Handel, Mozart, Wagner have also been represented; while, very rightly, prominence has been given to living



Photo. Lascelles.

THE GREAT FIRE IN THE HARROW ROAD: FIREMEN PLAYING ON THE RUINS ON THE DAY AFTER THE CONFLAGRATION.

Shortly after two o'clock on the afternoon of Sept. 11, fire broke out in Messrs. Dixon's furniture depository, Harrow Road, and soon assumed serious dimensions. The building was completely gutted, and practically the whole of the contents destroyed. The damage is estimated at over £100,000. A "stop" message was issued between four and five o'clock, but firemen were playing on the ruins all night and during the two following days.

musicians—Dvorák, Parry, Horatio Parker, Walford Davies, Hugh Blair, Stanford, and Elgar.

Dr. Elgar has had the most prominent place, for his beautiful setting to Cardinal Newman's poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," has been rendered at this Festival, for the first time in an Anglican cathedral. Before giving it, considerable opposition had to be conquered, for there is no denying the fact that so striking a Catholic poem is not in harmony with a Protestant church, but in some cases glaring instances of invocations to saints and the chorus of demons have been modified and altered so as not to offend. As a musical composition the work is full of religious fire, exalted imagination, and power, the greatest effects being entrusted to the orchestra, which is almost startling in its varieties of expression, some being so soul-stirring that they linger in the memory. The performance was excellent, and did more justice to Dr. Elgar than did the first rendering at Birmingham. The chorus and orchestra were magnificent. Miss Muriel Foster, who has a sympathetic and at the same time powerful voice, took the place of Madame Brema. Mr. Coates sang the title-rôle, Gerontius, with force and dramatic feeling. Mr. Plunket Greene sang with marked reverence and appreciation the difficult part of the Angel of the Agony and the Priest. Dr. Elgar conducted his work, which was immensely appreciated by the audience. Dr. Horatio Parker, whose beautiful "Hora Novissima" was given at this same festival three years ago, contributed to the present one selections from his "St. Christopher." So clever a composition is it that it is to be hoped it may be given in its entirety before long.

The fine church of St. Stephen, Sheffield, has lately been redecorated, and the electric light installed. At the special reopening service the preacher was the Rev. Canon Girdlestone, formerly Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford. The Vicar, the Rev. W. N. Wright, received many congratulations on the improved appearance of the church.

The October issue of the *Delineator-Designer* is in every way excellent. Several pages in colour are embodied in the number, and two paper patterns are given with it.

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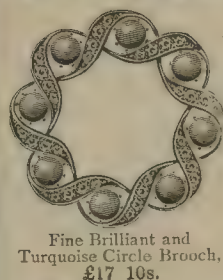
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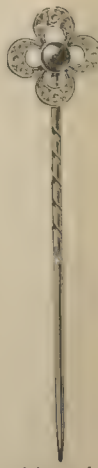
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ECCLESIASTICAL
NOTES.

The Official Guide to the Church Congress makes very interesting reading, although it has not the humorous features of last year's Brighton Guide. It was hoped that the Bishop of Hereford would preach at the closing service held in Peterborough Cathedral, but he found himself unable to carry out this engagement. Many strangers will be in Northampton on the first Sunday in October, and the preachers for that day include the Bishops of Leicester, Victoria, and Zanzibar, and the Deans of Peterborough and Perth (Australia). Notwithstanding the absence of the Bishop of Peterborough, there is every prospect of a most interesting and useful Congress.

The Bishop of Durham has returned to Auckland Castle after an absence of six weeks. Important alterations have been carried out at the Castle, the servants' hall having been transformed into an additional library.

The Bishop of Bombay, who has of late been suffering from repeated attacks of fever, is taking sick-leave to England under medical advice. There is reason to fear that, like Dr. Welldon, he may find it necessary to resign his see owing to the injurious effect of the Indian climate on his health. The Bishop of Bombay has done a remarkable work, and his resignation would be a heavy loss to the Anglican Church in Western India.



THE WAR-EMPLOYMENT BUREAU: RESERVISTS' FAMILIES AT "STANLEY HOUSE," FOREST HILL.

The wives of a hundred and sixty Reservists, thirty of whom brought children with them, were recently entertained at tea by Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Benson. Since the formation of the Bureau, over 300,000 garments have been made by the soldiers' wives and dependent relatives attached to it. Purses were presented by Mrs. Benson to three of the most industrious workers, and to each guest a bouquet was given.

A debt of £9000 still remains on the west block of buildings at the Church House. The library has been removed into the new block, where the books are housed in a well-lighted room, which contains more shelves than the previous one. Among the most valuable possessions of the library is the Julian collection

laid aside during that week by indisposition. Canon Knox Little described the Festival as a great religious act, and he besought performers and listeners to remember that music could not be rendered in a more stately way than in a sanctuary such as Worcester Cathedral.

of hymn-books. Up to the present the library has not been much used, either by clergy or laity, possibly because the Church House is rather out of the way.

Bishop Boyd-Carpenter and Bishop Ryle have both chosen Cornwall as their autumn resort. The Bishop of Ripon purchased a house and grounds at Flushing, near Falmouth, when he was in Cornwall last spring, and he has been there during August and September.

I regret to learn that no marked improvement has been yet noted in the health of Dr. Barnardo, who is still at Nauheim undergoing medical treatment. It is believed that absence from the rush of London will soon tell favourably on his health, and that he may be able ere long to return to his work. While abroad Dr. Barnardo takes an active share in the Stepney Homes, and conducts his business correspondence.

Canon Knox Little preached one of his most eloquent sermons at the opening of the Worcester Musical Festival. It had been hoped that Dr. Gore would occupy the Cathedral pulpit, but he was laid aside during that week by indisposition. Canon Knox Little described the Festival as a great religious act, and he besought performers and listeners to remember that music could not be rendered in a more stately way than in a sanctuary such as Worcester Cathedral.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the late Mr. Oswald Augustus Smith, of 1, Lombard Street, E.C., banker, who died on Aug. 24, has been proved by his sons Basil Guy Oswald Smith and Rupert Oswald Smith, the executors and trustees thereof, in the Principal Probate Registry, the personal estate being sworn at £505,538 5s. 6d. The testator, after bequeathing various pecuniary legacies, including £90,000 to his trustees upon the trusts therein mentioned, devises and gives all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate to his son Basil Guy Oswald Smith.

The will (dated May 11, 1880), with a codicil (dated Nov. 16, 1886), of Mr. John Robinson, J.P., D.L., of Westwood Hall, Leek, Staffordshire, who died on July 9, was proved on Sept. 5 by the Rev. Arthur Edward Robinson, John Frederick Robinson and Herbert Minton Robinson, the sons, the value of the estate being £345,278. The testator bequeaths £1000, and during her widowhood the use of his residence and an annuity of £4000, or of £800 should she again marry, to his wife, Mrs. Helen Robinson; £30,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters; and £500 each to his brothers and sisters and the sisters of his wife. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons in equal shares.

The will (dated April 8, 1902), with two codicils (dated June 9 and July 12 following), of Miss Margaret Gibson, of 9, Lowther Street, Whitehaven, who died on July 29, has been proved by Robert Gibson, the nephew, and Wilson Fell Hunter, the executors, the value of the estate being £128,543. The testatrix bequeaths £300, in trust, to apply the income in the purchase of warm clothing and coal for poor old women of Whitehaven not in receipt of parochial relief; £200, upon like trusts, for poor old women of Keswick; £200, in trust, for the repair of the fabric of St. Nicholas' Church, Whitehaven; £20 each to the Ladies' Charity, the Ladies' Benevolent Society, the Orphan Girls' Home, the National Schools, and Piper's Soup Kitchen (Whitehaven); and very many legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her property she leaves, in trust, for her nephew, Robert Gibson, for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated Jan. 7, 1897), with a codicil (dated April 10, 1902), of Mr. Andrew Yule, of Braeside, Fountain Road, Norwood, founder of the firm of Andrew Yule and Co., London and Calcutta, who died on July 18, was proved on Sept. 5 by Mrs. Emma Yule, the widow, David Yule senior, the brother, David Yule junior, the nephew, George Mitchell Weekley, Henry Adams Adkin, and William Adolphus Browne, the executors, the value

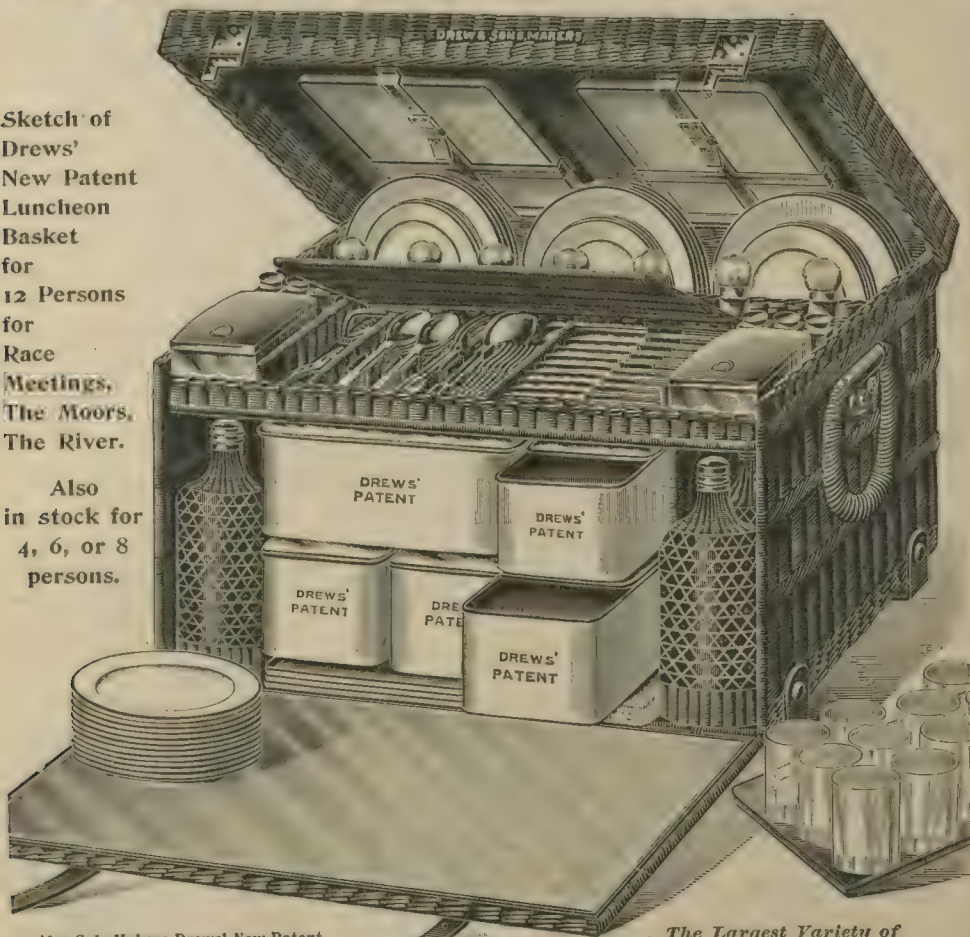
of the estate being £156,442. The testator bequeaths £100,000, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife for her life or widowhood, or, in the event of her again marrying, an annuity of £600; and subject thereto as to one eighth, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Annie Harriet Yule, and the remainder, upon trust, for his son Robert Andrew Alexander Yule; £500, and during her life or widowhood the use and enjoyment of his residence, with the effects therein, to his wife, and on her death or remarriage to his son; £750 each to his executors except Mrs. Yule; £40,000, upon trust, for his daughter; £100,000, upon trust, for his son; £2000 each to his nieces Margaret and Georgina Yule; and £250 each to his nephews Andrew Yule and William Mann Yule, and to his niece Elizabeth Yule. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half to his daughter and the other half, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his son.

The will (dated Oct. 20, 1897) of Mr. John William Carr Ayre, of Brigroyd, Ripponden, Yorkshire, who died on June 20, was proved on Sept. 6 by George Carr and George Herbert Bates, the executors, the value of the estate being £104,803. The testator devises Brigroyd, and all other his real and leasehold property, in trust, for his wife, Mrs. Robina Hester Ayre, for life or widowhood,

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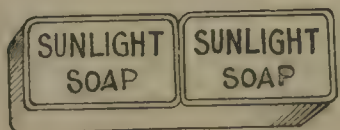
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and then for his eldest son. He bequeaths £2000 to Frederick William Saberton; £10,000 between his cousins Anna, Emma, and Isabel Ayre; and £1000 each to George Herbert Bates, Henry Lees, and William Irvine. The residue of his personal estate he leaves as to one half thereof, in trust, for such person or persons as would become entitled thereto had he died intestate, and the other half, in trust, for his wife for life, or until she shall again marry, and then in equal shares for his children.

The will (dated June 5, 1902) of Mr. David Kemp, of The Towers, Blackpool, who died on June 19, has been proved by Mrs. Mary Jane Kemp, the widow, Joseph Kemp, the son, Robert Parker, and Edward Whiteside, the executors, the value of the real and personal estate being £82,004. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his wife; £100 to Joseph Helm; £250 to Robert Parker; £150 to Edward Whiteside; and a small annuity to Amy Lena Brown. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay £260 per annum each to his sons Joseph, Thomas, James, and William during the life of their mother; an annuity of £60 to Jesse and Alice Hanson and the survivor of them; and the remainder of the income thereof to his wife during her life. Subject thereto, his property is to be divided between his four sons.

The will (dated March 30, 1898) of Mr. Joshua Crompton, of High Crompton, near Oldham, who died on April 18, has been proved by James Crompton Cheetham and John Crompton Cheetham, the nephews, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £56,154. The testator leaves all his property to his three nephews James Crompton Cheetham, John Crompton Cheetham, and Joshua Milne Crompton Cheetham in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1902) of Mr. Francis John Trehwhitt, of 12, Claremont Terrace, Sunderland, solicitor, who died on July 19, has been proved by Mrs. Ellen Trehwhitt, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £37,043. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated May 10, 1898) of Major David Gow Irvine, of West Hartlepool, managing director of Irvine's Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., who died on June 3, has been proved by Henry Douglas Eshelby, the surviving executor, the value of the estate being £30,349. The testator gives £100 and during her widowhood the income from the remainder of his property to his wife, Mrs. Lois Clare Irvine. Subject thereto, his estate and effects are to be divided between his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 16, 1901) of Mr. Alexander Michie, of the Hotel Cecil and 10, Adam Street,

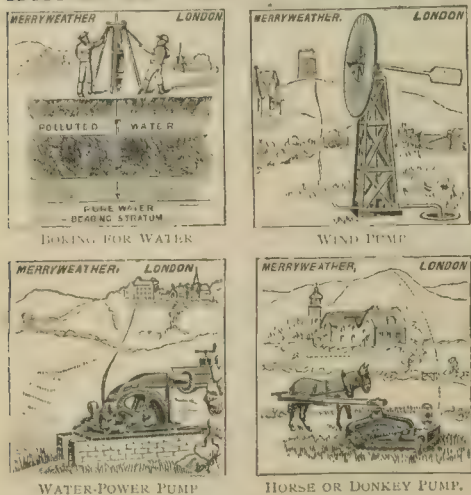
Strand, who died on Aug. 7, was proved on Sept. 3 by Osborn Donald Robinson and Richard Sydney Corbett, the executors, the value of the estate being £20,123. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Robert Crawford Antrobus; £1000 to Miss Alice Dorothea Robinson; £500 to Miss Elizabeth Martha Anderson; the income, for life, of £1500 to Mrs. Margaret Ritchie; £400 each to his son Alexander and his daughter Mrs. Ann Amy Jane Taylor; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his two children in equal shares.

The Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain will open its forty-seventh annual exhibition at the New Gallery on Sept. 29. The exhibition is divided into five sections, which embrace every phase of photography—pictorial, scientific, and technical, professional and industrial, apparatus and material, and processes of photo-mechanical reproduction.

It is announced from Rome that the Government has arranged a plan for the reconstruction of the Campanile of San Marco at a cost of 2,000,000 lire. Half of this sum has already been collected. The new structure will be erected on the site of the old one, but it will be somewhat modified at its upper extremity.

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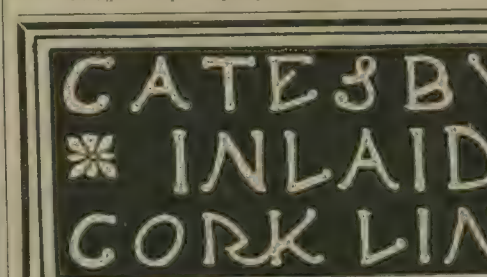


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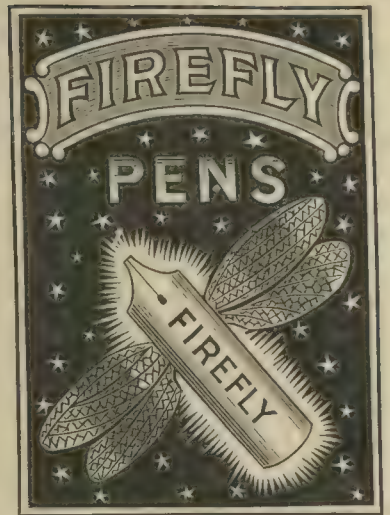
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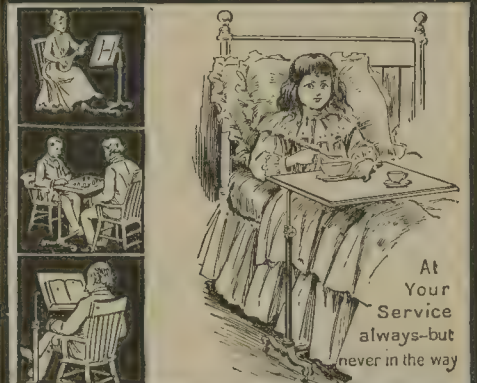
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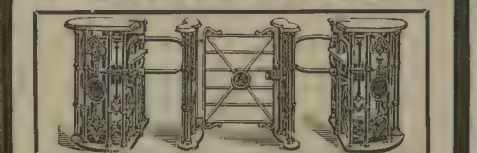
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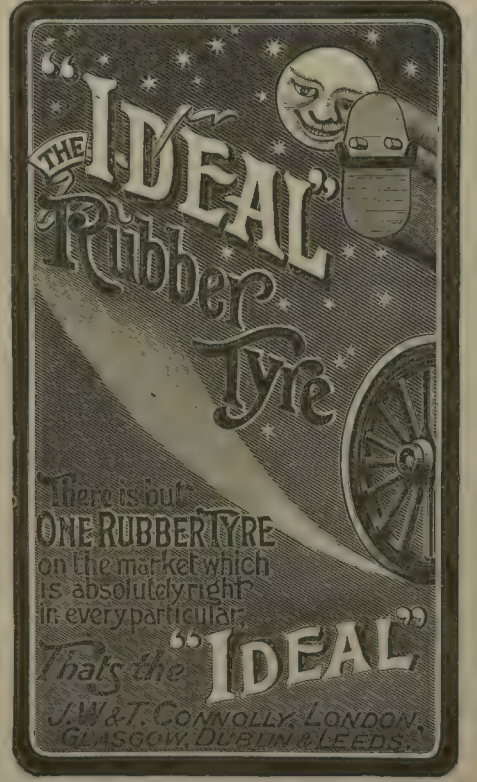
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The Vultures. By Henry Seton Merriman. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)

The Celtic Twilight. By W. B. Yeats. (London: A. H. Bullen. 6s.)

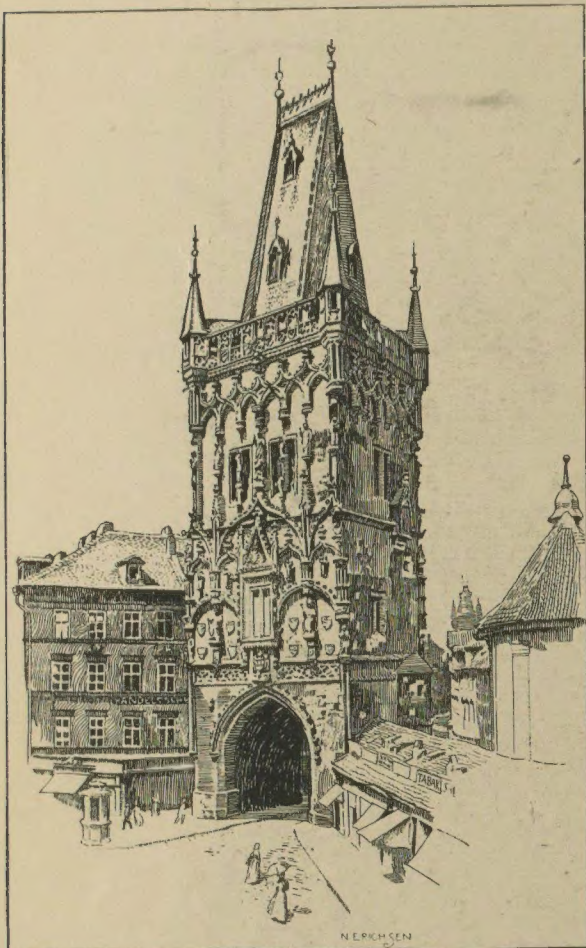
Told to the Marines. By Sir W. Laird Clowes. (London: Treherne. 6s.)

The Memoirs of François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. In six vols. Vols. V. and VI. (London: Freemantle. 90s. Set of Six.)

The Bases of Design. By Walter Crane. (London: George Bell. 6s.)

The Makers of British Art: Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. By Elsa d'Esterre Keeling. *Sir Edwin Landseer.* By James A. Manson. (London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 3s. 6d. each.)

The mention of the town of Prague conjures up before the mind a vast number of historical reminiscences, while



THE PULVERTHURM, PRAGUE.

Reproduced from "The Story of Prague," by permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent.

it also suggests some very considerable contemporary problems not entirely unconnected with the marvellous growth of Russia during the last two centuries. To many speculative thinkers in the region of politics, the continuance of that "geographical expression," Austria-Hungary, is a perpetual source of wonder; its ultimate destiny, on the other hand, must fill the hearts of all those who still retain a love and veneration for the past with anxiety. Bohemia is one of the most beautiful countries over which the Emperor of Austria holds beneficent sway. Its people are picturesque, the peasantry are still faithful to their traditional national costume, the women are famous for their queenly beauty, and the scenery is romantic. The country is, moreover, accessible. Prague is only four hours' journey from Dresden, and teems with historical associations and ancient buildings. The English tourist who is longing for change of scene, and has surveyed mankind from China to Peru, will therefore be grateful to Count Lützow for his admirable history of Prague, which has been most beautifully illustrated by Miss Erichsen. It is not a formidable work of reference which Count Lützow presents to us, but a handy pocket guide of about 200 pages, in which will be found, besides much interesting reading, many practical suggestions with reference to hotels.

In the course of a speech made quite recently at the Authors' Club, Mr. Rider Haggard, that fantastic melodramatist, told his audience that the older he grew the more difficult he found it to work up an interest in the love affairs of young people. Mr. Seton Merriman, so far as we are aware, does not make speeches, but if he did, it is possible that he might be led to emulate the candour of Mr. Haggard, and admit that the one thing that bothered him when concocting a novel was that elusive but necessary ingredient known as the love interest. "The Vultures," reduced to its original elements, is a clever study of cosmopolitan character, the principal subjects being three secret agents, who hail respectively from France, England, and America. In dissecting the idiosyncrasies of these alert individuals, the author is at his best. Unfortunately, however, it is necessary for the novelist to stir in the elemental passion or make up his mind to eat his dinner without meat. Mr. Merriman, it would seem, dislikes dinner without meat, and he therefore catches young Cupid by the scruff of the neck and endeavours to cook him along with the rest of his diplomatic stew. One would not like to assert that the result is an absolute failure, but it may truthfully be said that it is not so appetising as some of the other dishes that have issued from the same kitchen. Cartoner, the diplomat, is essentially a Merriman creation, and as such he is delightful; Cartoner, the lover,

however, is a stick, and as such he is a bore. But, apart from the love interest, the book is well worth reading for its dialogue, its construction, its dramatic power. After all, young people do not form the whole of the novel-reading public; surely there should be enough patrons of an ornithological cuisine to repay Mr. Merriman for the time and care that he has expended over "The Vultures."

If ghosts are to be seen in the twilight in Ireland, and "the friends of the people of Faery" interviewed, "Our Lady of the Hills" listened to, the case of "The Witch Doctor" diagnosed, the "Golden Age" recalled, and "Kidnappers" themselves kidnapped, we can ask for no better "teller of tales" than Mr. W. B. Yeats. He is of such imaginations all-compact. He belongs to the Celt, and is on terms with the immaterial, as every poet must be, and a poet in particular from Ireland, where, as he says, "this world and the world we go to after death are not far apart." As a moralist—that is, a drawer of morals—he is always apt; and he knows nearly always what to quote and what to forget in the talk of his peasants about their beliefs and their emotions. He knows that the poor Sligo woman does not wholly wander from the point when she declares, on hearing rumours of war from England, "There are too many over one another in London. They are getting tired of the world. It is killed they want to be. It will be no matter. The people here don't mind the war coming. They could not be worse than they are. They may as well die soldierly before God. Sure they will get quarters in heaven." As a soldier's widow she speaks with authority—for soldiers at any rate: "I never knew a man that was in a battle that liked to speak of it after." Her frame of mind on current social issues like these is in our view more noteworthy than her definition of "The Curse of the Four Fathers." Going back in mind to the suppressors of the '98 rebellion, she said: "They put the man-child on the spear, and somebody said to them, 'You will be cursed in the fourth generation after you,' and that is why disease or anything always comes in the fourth generation." Vagueness is all we can get in such statements, no doubt; but they are just the statements which clamour for definiteness. There are little sentences in which Mr. Yeats is autobiographical, and these are perhaps the most charming of all. Here and there he is controversial, giving up all one chapter to "A Remonstrance with Scotsmen," who, he says, are "too theological, too gloomy," and have made "even the devil religious," discovering "the faeries to be pagan and wicked," and waiting "to have them all up before a magistrate." The greater part of the book was written and published nine years ago, but to this reprint are added some new chapters, and we have a characteristic portrait of the author for frontispiece.

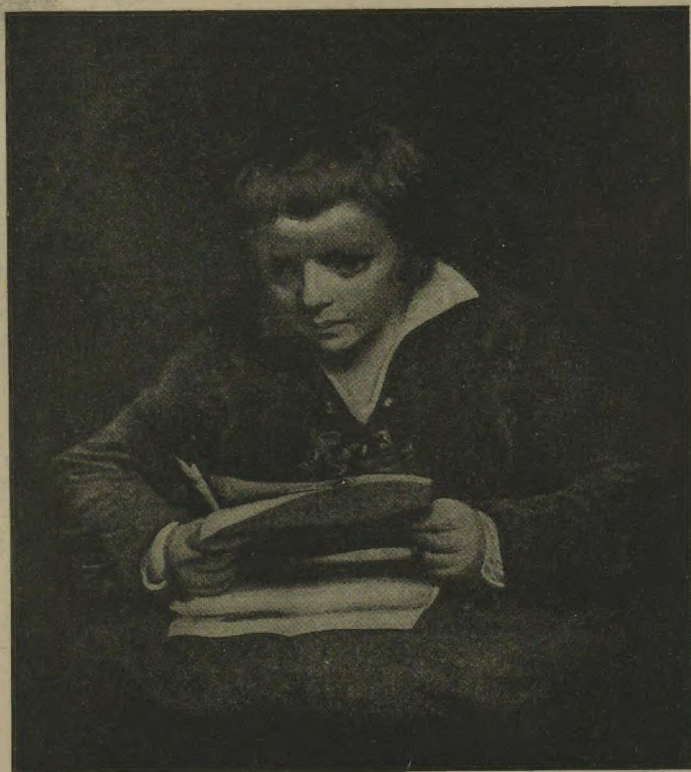
In the intervals of what may be termed his heavier work, Sir William Laird Clowes has found relaxation in the production of a number of short stories admittedly written neither to attack any problems of the day nor to propagate any startling doctrines, but with the entirely laudable object of amusing and refreshing the reader surfeited with novels with a purpose, and desirous of "plain tales" that can be read and enjoyed without undue mental effort. The title of his volume, it must be said at once, is distinctly misleading: the sixteen stories contained therein are neither extravagantly improbable nor of the mess-room order; not one touches upon sea-life, and not one is of such a character that it could not be read, as the author claims, quite as well in the boudoir as the smoking-room. Sir William has an easy, unaffected style, and though he is evidently not a systematic delver into the little-known depths of life, he has discovered and put to good literary account a number of human curiosities. These, combined with his admirable habit of ending the majority of his stories with a surprise which adds considerably to their powers of fascination, make his tales "Told to the Marines" most entertaining. In "The Disappearance of Sykes, M.P.," an ingeniously constructed narrative of a dual identity, many will recognise an old-world London tavern, famous alike for its intimate connection with the great lexicographer and its steak pudding.

The last two volumes of Chateaubriand's *Memoirs* are in no way inferior to the other four, the efficient workmanship of the translator having been maintained up to the last, although he himself must frequently have wearied of rendering the outpourings of Chateaubriand's egregious vanity into English. Wherever one looks, wherever one turns, the future of the whole of social and political France depends, according to these volumes, upon one man, and that man is François René de Chateaubriand. Of course, the talent of the writer redeems the weariness now and again, and this is especially the case when he deals with the countries beyond the French borders. The part in Vol. V. relating to the journey in Italy is thoroughly worth reading, and even studying; but when he re-enters his native country, or resumes the thread of his recollections respecting it, he invariably falls into the self-same errors. Yet he is profoundly unconscious of this drawback to his writings. "M. Thiers is not what he is able to be; years will modify him, unless the elation of self-love should place obstacles in his way," writes Chateaubriand (Vol. V., p. 156). This is the fable of the mote and the beam with a vengeance; for years never modified Thiers' overweening conceit any more than it did his critic's; and the elation of self-love was partly responsible for the prolongation of the war of 1870-71, just as the elation of self-love in Chateaubriand was greatly responsible for the war in Spain after the Congress of Verona.

In spite of all its faults, the work is one which no student of history can afford to lay aside without having, if not carefully read it, at any rate considerably skimmed it.

Mr. Walter Crane's handbook, "The Bases of Design," had for itself an excellent "base." The plan was good, but the superstructure of the book is not precisely compact. It was a good and intelligible enterprise to show how primitive construction suggested the evolutions of the builder's art, and gave the hint of their adornment; how the characteristics of races directed and modified architecture and sculpture; and how the sun, the wind, and the snow prescribed the form that man should give to the shelter he raised against them. But we find the later chapters—on mural painting—admitting stray passages, little wandering anecdotes, and banal quotations from Mrs. Jameson. Was it worth the trouble of inverted commas to cite that lady's authority for the statement that the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience are represented in the frescoes over the tomb of St. Francis? This is a matter of tourist information, and should be given simply; it is the printed quotation that is so incongruous; it would be in its place in a Board-school reader. We need to be told primary things in a book on the bases of design, but we do not need sketchy things about the later and the after arts. To have done with fault-finding, the rather illogical mood of Mr. Crane when he put his volume together is perfectly illustrated on the title-page, which bears an allegorical figure of Design standing above her several roots or bases. Mr. Crane has not made up his mind with what part of speech he shall label the bases in question; so that one bears the word "utility" and another "climatic." Nouns and adjectives should belong to their proper classes, and an orderly mind keeps them there. There are sentences in the volume, moreover, which are written with so little skill as to seem—as they are not—chaotic in thought. For the rest, the little volume is sound, and, especially in the earlier part, useful. The forms of arches are briefly but well studied; so are the variants of the gable, and the formation of Gothic ornament is clearly summarised. The illustrations, which are abundant and good, are drawn from many sources, and consist of a large proportion of those originally used for Mr. Crane's lectures at the Manchester School of Art. Careful pen-drawings have, however, been substituted for the original rough charcoal sketches.

Miss Elsa d'Esterre Keeling in her "Sir Joshua Reynolds" has not only made her book fuller than the brief biographies of the master and less bulky than the weightier "Lives," but she has kept the parts of her work proportionate, and is neither crabbed nor diffuse in handling a great quantity of material. Miss Keeling marshals the facts, states the opinions, and casts a quick, but a cold, eye over the whole—the man, the art, and the Discourses. But the energy of the book seems to break out in the wrong places, and independently of the subject. A moment of enthusiasm would not have been amiss in the description of that masterly and all-lovely picture, "The Strawberry Girl," for instance. Mr. Manson, on the other hand, dealing in his "Sir Edwin Landseer," with a painter not of the first, but of the fifth order or thereabouts, has no lack of heart. His work fills a really vacant place, for a standard biography of this most popular of English painters has until now been lacking. This clear, concise, appreciative little book



BOY READING.

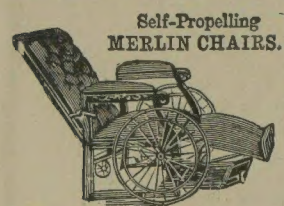
Reproduced from "Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.," by permission of the Walter Scott Publishing Co.

will be sure of a welcome. Primitive man sketched or scratched the portraits of the animals he hunted, before he did anything else in the arts; when he had picked the bone, he carved on it the likeness of the creature; and the Englishman keeps the primitive pleasure. There is still no picture so much liked by the majority of the nation as a picture of animals. Landseer does not keep his reputation in studios, but it will be long before he loses it in shop-windows; and his extraordinary imitative skill in the painting of fur and feather is the kind of technique that delights the popular eye.

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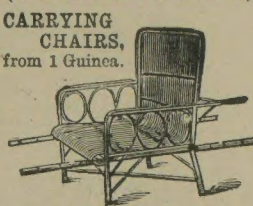
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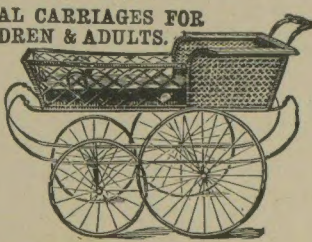


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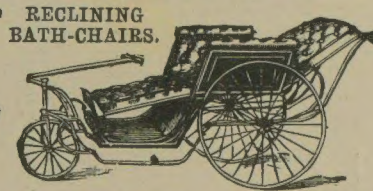
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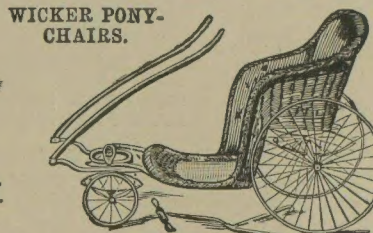
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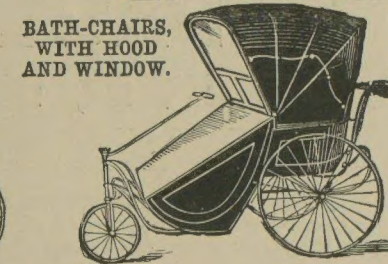
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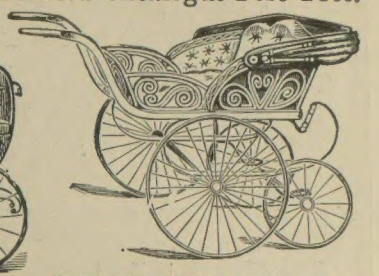
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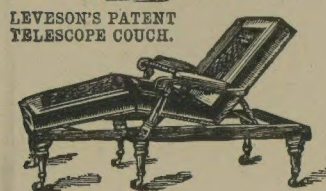
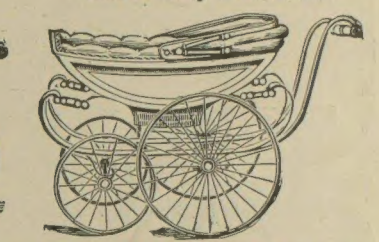
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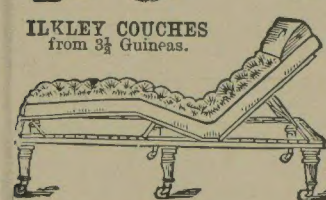
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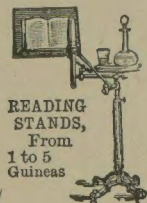
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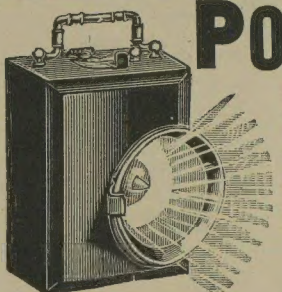
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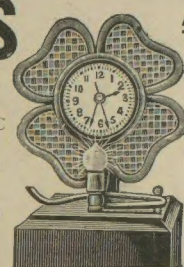
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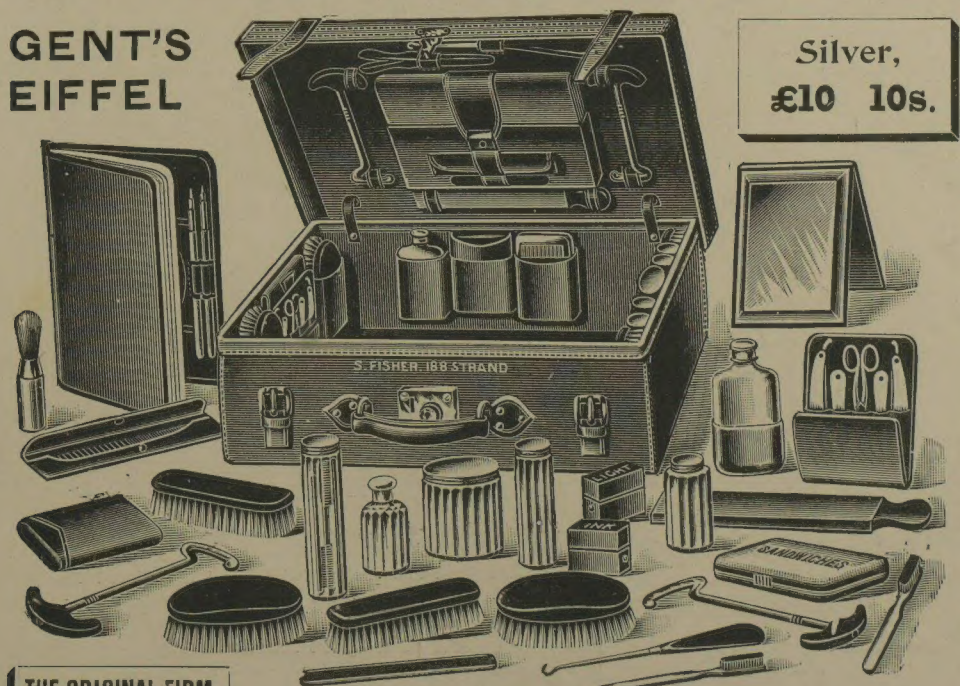
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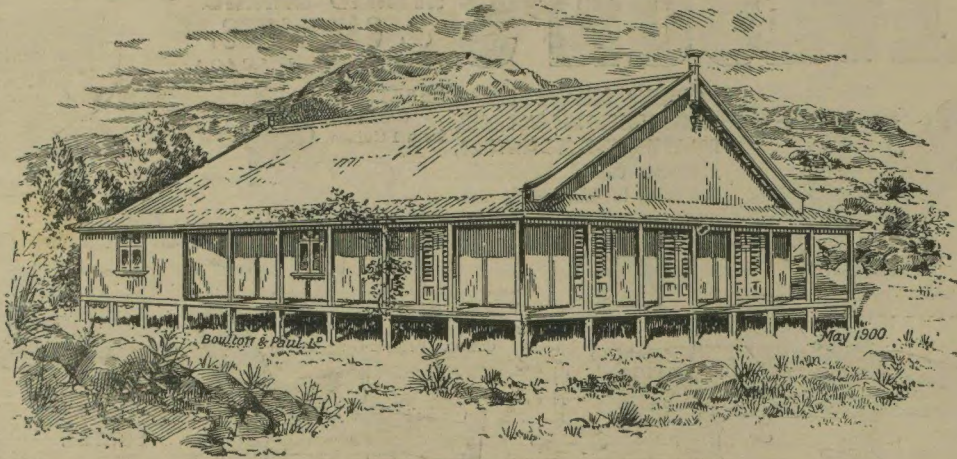
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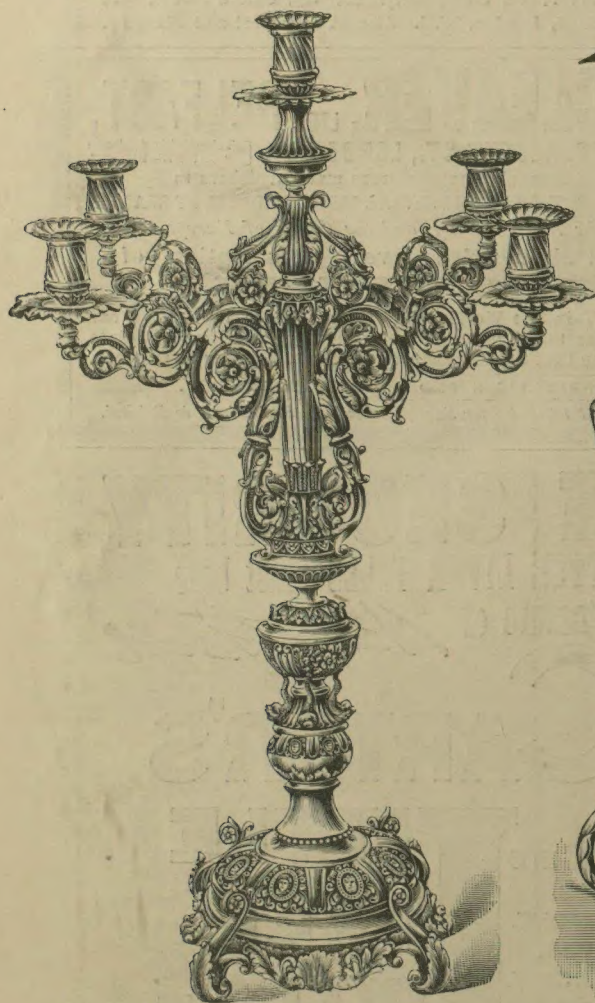
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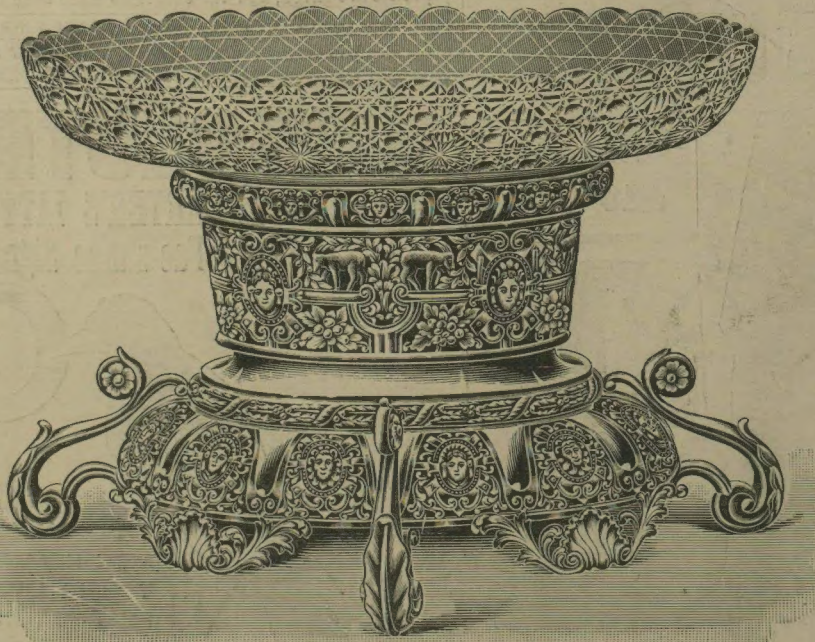
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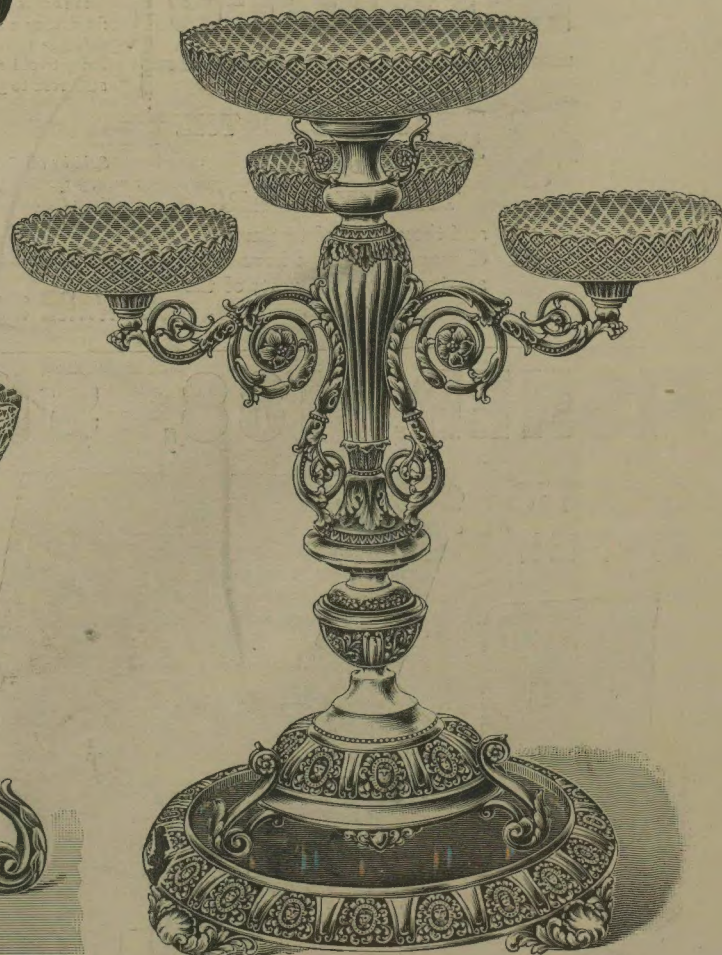
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